

EVENING TELEGRAPH.

10 CENTS PER WEEK.

DIXON, ILLINOIS, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1896.

THIRTEENTH YEAR, No. 149

COLORED SHIRTS!

Soft Bosoms; 2 Collars; 1 pair Cuffs.

The Most Popular Shirt Made!

These shirts have the very latest collars and cuffs.

JOHN D. PARSONS & CO.

A New

and beautiful line of

Dimities

just received.

W. F. Weaver & Co.

Round Corner Block.

ANOTHER LARGE SHIPMENT!

Just received, to replenish our mammoth stock of WALL PAPER, which had become somewhat broken by our enormous sales of the past twenty days.

Among others are very handsome gilt patterns with nine inch friezes, which cannot be duplicated in price and quality in the city.

Our stock of ingrain, with ceilings and blended borders, is very pretty, and at present are the most stylish and popular papers.

We are always glad to show you our goods whether you buy or not.

A. H. TILLSON, Pharmacist.
116 Galena Avenue.

CRUSHED ROCK

SALT!

For Freezing and Packing. Order your seasons' supply now for immediate or future delivery.

JUST RECEIVED BY

E. H. Crabtree.

Office and yards Galena Avenue and River St.

Telephone 61.

The Perfect Bicycle

has never been built, but the nearest to it is to be found in the wheel that runs easiest, guides the surest and is so simple in construction that it needs no repairs. We have made the business a study and guarantee to give you the best value obtainable for your money.

We have a few Special bargains in Ladies' and Gents' wheels which will last but a few days. Special attention given to instructions in correct riding.

S. S. DODGE, The Jeweler.

Corner Main and Hennepin Ave.

WHEN YOU

BUY THAT LAWN MOWER

Call at our store and see our stock; we carry the PHILADELPHIA and HENLEY. The Henley is the best low-priced machine on the market. In all sizes, with high or low wheels. We show the largest line of GARDEN TOOLS in town.

ROB. H. HOWELL,

57 First Street, Dixon.



Young And Old

alike require "glasses" in many instances these days. Time was when a child, or even a young man, rarely required visionary aids. If you need them, better get the right ones—that means, have some one fit your glasses who knows what he's doing. We have a little honest pride on just that point.

G. O. WENDEL,

160 Galena Ave.

Jeweler and Optician.

Arrived This Week

Artistic - - -

Window Shades

- - - and

WALL PAPER!

Prices the Lowest.

W. D. DUEFIN,

Corner Drug Store.

—Arthur Emmitt is home.
—Leslie Raymond is home.
—Clyde Smith is home from Springfield.

—Rochelle is to have an artesian well.

—Hicks says that May will be a wet month.

—County Treasurer C. F. Welty is up from Walton.

—McKinley Meeting at the Court House Tuesday evening.

—McKinley appears to be knocking the spots off the favorite sons.

—The Morrison Poultry show opens November tenth, "eggsactly."

—J. J. Glanfield, contractor, is here from Michigan for a few days.

—George Reed and C. M. Huguet went to Chicago this morning.

—Miss Phebe Myers, of Palmyra, is an assistant in C. H. Lapham's today.

—Will Archer of the West End, now rides an "Elgin," purchased of Keyes & Son.

—M. B. Thrift of Chicago is a visitor over Sunday at the A. S. Maxwell residence.

—Mrs. James Roark died at her home in Harmon on Thursday, aged sixty-six years.

—Two new members were initiated to Forest Home Lodge 137, A. O. U. W., last evening.

—Advertisements changed this afternoon: C. H. Keyes & Son; Hyde's Book Store; E. H. Crabtree.

—The Royal Neighbors will meet at their hall tomorrow evening for special business. Let all members attend.

—Corn planting time is past due according to the oak leaf theory. The leaf is now much larger than a squirrel's ear.

—The next meeting of the Dixon Bicycle Club will be held at the Sun office, beginning at eight o'clock Monday evening.

—The Y. M. C. A. meeting at 3:30 tomorrow afternoon will be led by Elias Bovey. A number of violins will assist in the music.

—It was a mean man that took street commissioner George Gitt's new Mackintosh from his buggy this morning and forgot to return it.

—We would call attention to the notice "To the Public" by W. B. Page, elsewhere in this paper, relative to the city supply of crude milk, etc.

—Mrs. Andrew McEwen and daughter, Miss Jessie, left this morning for Chicago, Mr. McEwen having gone last night. A number of friends followed them to the depot to say farewell.

—The police of Sterling had all they could do in driving a drove of tramps from that city. We hope they did not stampee them in the direction of Dixon.

—From the Cleveland Press we learn that one hundred and twenty-five barrels of beer were consumed at a wedding near Pittsburg and only one man was killed. Somebody must have diluted the beer.

—There are now thirty members of the League of American Wheelmen in Dixon. According to statistics, in towns of this size throughout the west there are on an average but twenty-one members.

—All members of Forest Home Lodge 137 A. O. U. W., are requested to meet at their hall, Schuler block, Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock for the purpose of attending the funeral of the wife of Brother Wm. Chiverton.

—"Dad" Grove being for McKinley without reserve is much more happy than he was early in the week. He expresses the thought that any man who knows enough to "Set a hen on the side of a hill" should be for McKinley.

—Dr. Garrison will take the early morning train for Atlanta, Georgia to attend the annual session of the American Medical Association, before which she will read a paper on "The Evolution of Girls." She will return in about a week.

—Mrs. Philip Miller, of Sublette, who is in jail awaiting a journey to Elgin to be placed in the asylum there, yesterday broke the window lights out of her room, wrecked the stove and Deputy M. McGowan had quite a tussle to subdue her.

—Serling has its eye on our Dixon ball club, as we judge from the Standard. "The work of this team is watched with interest by the loves of the sport in this city, for they desire to learn what show our boys will have when they buck'em."

Marquette Club May Party.

One of the finest gatherings ever assembled at Rosbrook's Hall was present at the annual May Party which was given by the Marquette Club last evening.

As is customary with the entertainment committee on such occasions they had provided every detail that would lead to a successful termination of the affair, the decorations and features being abundantly in evidence.

In the ball room the decorations were superb; plants of different varieties were abundantly grouped around Prof. Smith and his fine orchestra at the west end. The hall was illumined by a large number of incandescent lamps of various colors as well as an arc light, the whole presenting a charming view to the merry waltzers as they circled about the ball room.

The attendance was large, much larger than any other previous occasion in the history of the Club's social calendar, there being no less than 200 guests present during the evening.

The ball began promptly at 9 o'clock with a grand march which was led by Mr. Geo. F. Hoban and Miss Agnes McCarroll; after the usual figures had been introduced the march merged into a waltz which was participated in by nearly the entire array of dancers. After dancing several numbers, the guests repaired to the Star Cafe where they indulged in a sumptuous repast. Concluding the enjoyment with more dancing until three a. m., everybody departed saying it was the most enjoyable affair of the season.

Some of the costumes worn by the ladies were of the most beautiful conception in their design and contributed largely to the charming effect in evidence throughout the evening.

Those present were: Messrs. and Meedames E. Loden, T. Gaffney, W. R. Parker, E. M. Johnson, Mrs. Kellogg.

Misses Joie Richards, Mayme Burke, Minnie Loneragan, Lotta Donovan, Mamie Talty, Maggie McCrea, Lizzie Ryan, Anna Davlin, Roberta Albus, Mayme Mahoney, Ellen Fagen, Kittie Frelene, Sadie Rice, Jennie Hoy, Mary Jenette, Nellie Scanlon, Mary McMaster, Anna Null, Marie Heng, Elsie Reynolds, Edna Depuy, Lizzie Dolan, Anna Murphy, Margarette Bogue, Thessa Bogue, Annie Alexander, Bernice Alexander, Maggie Vail, Julia Mullooly, Allie Smith, Della Lambolt, Kittie Connors, Minnie Cahill, Anna Connors, Emma Cook, Kittie Tague, Julia Hoban, Mollie Tague, Blanche Collins, Agnes McCarroll, Ella McCarroll, Estelle Clayton, Grace Fenton, Sadie Kilday.

Messrs. Art Standish, J. Rice, Milton Green, H. Petersberger, L. Green, Floyd Ingraham, E. Miller, S. S. Bolton, Thomas Terry, J. Dolan, Ed. Vail, Ed. Ramsey, P. Lee, Ed. McCamant, W. J. Kennedy, Ed. Donovan, E. Delaney, W. O'Dea, Art Strong, E. J. Ryan, J. H. Hill, E. Frelene, M. J. Burright, F. Winkfield, A. Hoffman, J. L. Hoban, J. T. Murphy, Joe McMaster, John Murphy, Wm. Eichenberg, R. R. Hess, W. Cahill, B. Null, Ed. Goodrich, Geo. Hawley, J. Null, E. C. Alwins, A. Callahan, L. Kelly, C. Kelly, S. Heidenrich, Eli Rosenthal, C. B. Granger, C. Stead, J. Minnehan, Fred Hanlon, Geo. Hoban, Thos. Keefe, C. C. Ingraham, Will Tague, Elmer Reynolds, C. M. Saum.

Guests from abroad: Misses Mae Anderson, Maybel Lutz, S. Fulton, Mame McGinn, Mame O'Haire, and Messrs. Hector O'Haire, N. C. McGinnis, J. G. Jendt, R. L. Jenkins, Frank McGinnis, J. M. Rourke, T. C. McMahon, J. McGinn, Dennie O'Haire all of Sterling; Joe Glavin, Wm. Weaver, Polo; E. J. Wagner and Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Chicago; Miss Franc Thomas, Oak Park; Miss Katherine Shelly, Madison, Wis.; F. Swigart, Ottawa.

STRUCK BY LIGHTENING.

Miss Nettie Bennett Horribly Lacerated and Seriously Injured.

During the electric storm yesterday afternoon, about five o'clock, W. H. Bennett and his daughter Nettie, about fourteen years of age, living on the Parsons farm in the south-west edge of town, went to the windmill pump to wash some milk cans, when a flash of lightning struck the young girl in the forehead, near the right temple, passing down her cheek, neck, shoulder and arm, also down her right side to the hip, tearing and blackening the skin and flesh. The father was partially stunned, and the child knocked senseless, and at first was thought to be dead. Dr. Owens, however, succeeded in restoring her to partial consciousness by eleven o'clock last night, though she does not yet fully realize her condition, and the ultimate result of the terrible stroke is yet in doubt.

Muslin Underwear Sale!

Next Saturday and Monday.

Our previous sales at the extremely low prices have made this department very popular. Now we propose to outdo all former special sale days, in making a larger assortment and still lower prices. See handbills.

These garments will NOT BE SOLD AT ANY PRICE except on SALE DAYS as ADVERTISED.

Next Saturday and Monday at

C. H. LAPHAM & CO'S.



And it will Keep You Cool

Drink it when you are thirsty; when you are tired; when you are overworked. Whenever you feel that a health-giving temperance drink will do you good, drink

HIRES' Rootbeer

A 25c pkg. makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere. Send 2c. stamp for beautiful picture cards and book. The Chas. E. Hires Co., Philadelphia.

J. H. MORRIS & SON
GROCERS
Telephone No. 21. 117 Galena Avenue

LEW. E. EDWARDS.

Why they say it

You hear it on all sides—this, that, or the other bicycle is "just as good as a Columbia." No one is allowed to sell Columbia Bicycles hereabout but us. Other dealers must do business. Hence the continued com- n of their wheels with



Columbia Bicycles

STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

Columbias sell for \$100 &

Beautiful Art Catalogue free if you call.

Alexander & Howell
HARDWARE



Standard Waists.

The Newest Designs and Best Make for the Least Money. Best assortment ever shown in Dixon.

Brubaker & Carpenter,
154 Galena Ave.

If You Want The BEST

Confectionery, Ice Cream, Fruit and Cigars, you can get it at Senneff & Piles' store at a reasonable price.

REMEMBER,

We are the only manufacturers of Fancy Candy and Ice Cream, in Dixon.

SENNEFF & PILE,

171 Galena Avenue.



THE COAL "COMBINE"

may land you anywhere as to prices— for of course our price to you is governed by the Combination's price to us. Better get what you need now, before the monopoly forces the price beyond present expectations. We won't raise it one cent above fair profit and will continue to sell the best coal at the lowest market rates.

Geo. R. Woodruff.

Telephone 37. 250 Third St.

IF YOU WANT

a Side-board or a Nice Combination Book Case, Heavy Oak Extension Table, or a Brass Onyx Top Stand, we have them. Soft Couches and Easy Chairs, in rattan back, cobbler seat, polished wood seats, and everything in the chair line. Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Prices That Are Right.

C. Gonnerman,

Funeral Director and Embalmer.

FIRST ST.

THE NEW ROSE,

Crimson Rambler!

And many other choice Everblooming Roses.

Davis & Baird,

Telephone No. 31

Florists.

WE ARE DAILY

adding to our stock of goods something new. We have just received 25 rolls of opaque hand made shade goods of a variety of colors. If you are in need of shades, give us a call, we are sure we can please you. We have a few Brass and Iron beds. Our aim is to give you good goods and lowest prices.

Harvey Camp & Son.

Galena Avenue.

City Steam Laundry

All goods called for and delivered.

Public Bath Rooms!

HOURS OF BEING OPEN. Week days until 9:00; Saturday until 12:00 at night, and Sunday until noon.

HARTSHORN & DETRICK.

Telephone No., 98.

TILLMAN AND HILL

Make Things Decidedly Interesting in the Senate.

CAROLINIAN'S TALK IS RED HOT.

Bubbles Over with Predictions of Gore-Shedding Unless Governmental Methods Are Radically Altered—The President and Carlisle Again Bitterly Denounced, Sherman Also Coming in for Occasional Raps, but Declining to Make Reply.

WASHINGTON, May 2.—The debate in the senate yesterday was of a dramatic and sensational character, recalling the famous Ingalls-Voorhees contest of some years ago. Tillman again brought his "unique personality" into the debate, his speech being the first of any length since his memorable maiden effort attacking public officials, high and low. While he spoke yesterday the silver pitchfork recently presented to him in the west was conspicuously displayed on his scarf. The senator used the blunt words characteristic of his utterances, arraigning the president and cabinet officers with unsparring criticism and personal invective. He also addressed himself personally to Hill and Sherman, and drew from the former several sharp rejoinders, while Sherman declined to be brought into a controversy with the South Carolina senator.

Summary of Hill's Response.

Hill followed Tillman, replying to the latter point by point. The New York senator referred to the coming Democratic national convention, declaring that there would be no split, but that true Democracy would recognize the rule of the majority and keep the party intact, despite the threats of the South Carolina senator to leave the party. Hill spoke freely and frankly of his differences with the officers of the administration, and in particular referred to the grievous mistake, as he regarded it, of Carlisle in not supporting Blackburn when the latter was the nominee of a Democratic caucus. The senator discussed internal party affairs, urging harmony and the termination of venomous assaults by Democrats on a Democratic president.

Too Much Division of Responsibility.

Tillman took the floor during the discussion of the naval bill and said he had found during his brief experience here that there were some strange things happening in the navy department and all other departments. "It seems to be suffering from too much red tape, too much bureaucracy," said he. He spoke of the great number of bureaus and divisions in the navy department, which saw-sawed and divided responsibility. The senator had concluded that the main purpose was to make as much money as possible out of the government. He soon branched off to the bond issue and said he denied the right of the president to issue bonds for meeting current expenses. There was no law allowing the president "to hocus pocus and bamboozle the people by doing by indirection what he would not do by direction."

Carries South Carolina in His Pocket.

But the president, he said, overrides all decency, overrides the will of his party, to accomplish indirectly what he dares not do directly. Hill entered the chamber and took a seat in front of Tillman. The latter went on to refer to Hill's designation of him (Tillman) as a Populist, "one of the tailors of Tooley street." Hill rose to state that he had never classed Tillman as a Populist. Tillman insisted that Hill's remarks as to "a coterie" included him, and exclaimed, "I would rather be in such a coterie than with certain men on this side who go around labeled 'Democrats,' but who are not Democrats, and I'll prove it before I get through." The South Carolina senator said he came from a state that supported and followed him, and that he could place its vote where he desired. "And can you say as much?" he asked of Hill.

Threatens the Reputation Sponge.

Hill blandly inquired if Tillman meant to say that he could carry the great state of South Carolina into Populism. Tillman replied that he meant to say he represented his state and could tell where it was going and how it would vote, and turning to Hill said savagely "and that's more than you can do. The people of South Carolina have not yet been bamboozled and debauched." Then again addressing Hill he declared sarcastically: "You represent the people! Yes you do; you represent the bondholders and the bankers." After criticizing bond issues Tillman exclaimed: "If you force this thing much further there will be a repudiation of bonds and interest, too."

THERE IS BLOOD ON THE MOON.

South Carolina Orator Declares the People Are Growing Desperate.

"And if you can't have that," suggested Hill, "I suppose you'll have bloodshed?" "Yes, and the blood will be on your hands," responded Tillman, his words ringing through the chamber. "I tell you we are desperate," Tillman went on. "I have been through the west and I know how the people feel."

The senator drew a comparison between Andrew Jackson and Grover Cleveland. One was the man of the people, he said, "but Cleveland stands as the tool of the classes," he declared, adding that the president represented only money—the almighty dollar. The president had no policy, he went on, except the policy of the senator from Ohio (Sherman).

"If Grover Cleveland," he shouted with an emphasis that fairly made the chamber ring, "ever goes before the people again, he can bear on his brow the eulogy of the senator from Ohio (Sherman), who declared on the floor of this chamber that the president had simply done his duty. They are linked together Grover Cleveland, John Sherman and John Carlisle are affiliates. The question is, will the people be so damnably foolish as to trust them again?"

Tillman referred to the Ohio senator and his associates "in their contemptible work." Sherman sat across the aisle apparently unmoved. "Perhaps you can bamboozle the people," he said, addressing Sherman; "the fools are not all dead yet, but they are getting mighty restless." At one time Tillman addressed a direct question to Sherman concerning the interests of the laboring people. "Will the senator answer me that?" asked Tillman, pausing in anticipation of a response by Sherman. But the latter looked directly at the South Carolina senator and remained in his seat without answering.

If the people wanted this Cleveland-Car-

lisle-Sherman rule, all right; let them have it; let them try. "But I tell you I can see the end coming," said Tillman. One thing I know; there is a God in heaven and a reckoning must come. * * * You are damming up the waters, but wait till there's a full head on. You people are going to see some fine grinding this year, or within the next four years." Then turning again to Hill Tillman said: "And now for the benefit of the senator from New York—whom I love—the senator whose motto is, 'I am a Democrat.' I will say 'I am a Democrat,' too; a Democrat after Jefferson and Jackson. He prates of 'sound money'; I cry 'hard money'; he is a Democrat for national banks, I for the national government."

HE WILL GO TO CHICAGO.

And If the Convention Adopts a Gold Policy Will Walk Out.

"And what will I do?" the senator asked of himself, and then answered: "I expect to go to Chicago as a delegate. I expect to try to get my party to throw off its rottenness. If we have to bid good-bye to New York and Tammany I may shed a few more delegates—as I understand they did in Michigan the other day—so as to be able to endorse Grover Cleveland and 'sound money' then I am going to take my hat and bid the senator from New York and all like him a long farewell. Where I'll go, I don't know. I cannot go to Populism. Populism is only an explosion of wrath. The Populists tried too much and shattered themselves on the wall."

The senator declared that the Democracy was on its final trial. If it did not pronounce for silver at Chicago it was gone forever. "We may not beat you this year," he concluded dramatically; "it would be marvelous if a disorganized mass held together by an idea could defeat at the polls a well disciplined, compact organization, backed by money. But so help me God we will serve notice on you that our slogan is 'America for Americans': to hell with Britain and her Tories. If we don't defeat you this year we will serve notice that we will in 1900." With these words Tillman threw his arms up in the air with a gesture, as if to say: "I am done," walked over and took his seat.

When the senate had regained its breath Hill who had been taking notes took the floor. At the outset Hill characterized Tillman's speech as "a remarkable performance," and expressed doubt as to whether he did not err in making any reply at all to anything that had been said. "The senator has denied here today that he was a Populist," Hill then proceeded. "Let me say me say to him that what he has said leads on the straight road to Populism, or"—after a pause—"to some worse place." [Laughter.]

He recalled the fact that previous to 1892 New York had remained in the Democratic column for eight years. "But," said he, "in 1892 state after state instructed for Grover Cleveland and free silver over the protest of the regular Democracy of New York. 'You did not get free silver,' he added, sarcastically, "but you got Grover Cleveland. Are you satisfied?" [Laughter.]

"Do you contend that while congress is in session, charged with the duty of raising revenue, that the president has the right to take matters into his own hands?" inquired Tillman.

"I don't come from a state where the executive believes in taking the law into his own hands," returned Hill promptly.

DRAWS THE LINE AT STEWART.

Hill Declines an Interruption by the Senator from Nevada.

This seemed a hard one for Tillman and he sat down. But Stewart of Nevada rushed to his rescue and asked permission to propound a question.

"No," said Hill, waving off, "I draw the line at the senator from Nevada."

What right, asked Tillman, had the president to take money raised for one purpose and use it for another purpose. "Perhaps the New York senator can understand that, but you can't get it into the head of a farmer," "I would despair after the senator's exhibition here," replied Hill, "to get anything into his head." The South Carolina senator declared he would go to the Chicago convention. Hill supposed, he said, that the senator like a true Democrat would abide by the decrees of the convention. "If he goes there with any other idea," exclaimed Hill with ringing vehemence, "he ought not to be admitted and he will not be admitted."

Tillman said parties were voluntary associations of individuals who thought alike. They lasted merely while the individuals thought in common. The Democratic party had split once before and in his judgment it was going to split again. The New York senator wanted the majority to take a "gold bug" policy. But they would not have it. If it was forced upon them they would get out. In answer to Hill's interrogatory as to what would keep him in the Democratic party, Tillman said: "Sixteen to one bust."

In the course of another passage Tillman announced that the people needed a billion dollars. "We are going to have it," said he.

"A mere trifle," sneered Hill. "What would you do with it?"

"Build battleships and coast defenses," replied Tillman. "Put the tramp at work, set every wheel in motion and make the country again prosperous and happy."

Hill closed with an appeal for harmony in the party and the quotation: "In essentials unity, in non-essentials liberty and in all things charity."

TRIAL OF MURDERER DAWSON.

His Family Physician Says the Man Was Insane "At Times."

DES MOINES, May 2.—In the Dawson murder trial the most important testimony was given by Dr. E. E. Patchin, who was for eleven years Dawson's family physician. He testified that he had believed for many years that Dawson was insane, at least at times and on certain subjects. Dr. Patchin has a high professional standing and his testimony was regarded as important.

Little Daisy Dawson, aged 11, testified that her father had at one time threatened to kill her. The trial will not be resumed until Monday, when it is believed the state will put Clara Dawson-Scott on the stand. The state's attorney intimated that he would show up a family depravity that would rid the jury of Dawson's idea of the sanctity of the home he sought to protect by shooting Scott.

Booth-Tucker Summoned by His Wife. NEW YORK, May 2.—Commander Booth-Tucker has received a telegram from his wife, who is ill in San Francisco, asking him to come there at once.

Prominent Michigan Man Dead.

NORWAY, May 2.—J. D. Sampson, one of the most influential merchants in northern Michigan, died at Denver. He was 42 years of age.

PROMPTLY DENIED

One Statement of the French Story from Pretoria.

BRITISH BARGON SAYS IT IS FALSE.

He Did Not Offer to Help Raise Cain in the Transvaal, but, on the Contrary, Did His Utmost in the Opposite Direction, He Says—Labor Day Peaceful in Europe, Except in a Few Places—Shah of Persia Assassinated.

LONDON, May 2.—In the house of lords Baron Loch (formerly Sir Henry Brougham Loch, governor and high commissioner of Cape Colony), made a statement regarding the announcement of The Temps, of Paris, in a dispatch from Pretoria, that the government of the Transvaal had found among the papers of Lionel Phillips, president of the Johannesburg Chamber of Mines, and one of the condemned reformers, a letter dated July 1, 1894, to a London financier proving that during a visit to Johannesburg Sir Henry Loch had asked Phillips whether Johannesburg could hold out for six days, what arms the inhabitants possessed, and offered to spin out the Swaziland convention negotiations for six months to enable Johannesburg to prepare and then bring troops for an invasion of the Transvaal.

Baron Loch said that he denied in the most unqualified manner the statement that he had at any time proposed an invasion of the Transvaal. He warmly repudiated the idea that he had in any way countenanced the trouble at Johannesburg, saying that, on the contrary, when he visited Pretoria in 1894 he did his utmost to dissuade the Uitlanders from engaging in any disturbance, and he refused to go to Johannesburg in view of the fact that trouble was brewing. He admitted that he had made an inquiry regarding the quantity of arms at Johannesburg, but explained that he did so in order to impress the Uitlanders with the futility of causing a disturbance which, he pointed out to them, the Transvaal government would be justified in stringently repressing.

Burglars Hoot Judge Gregorowski.

A Cape Town dispatch to The Times says: "Judge Gregorowski (who presided at the trial of the reformers) was hooted and groaned at on his return to Bloemfontein in the Orange Free State. In the Volksraad of the Orange Free State, however, several speakers denounced the British Chartered South Africa company and Cecil Rhodes, the would-be dictator of South Africa." They declared that the sending of British troops to Matabeleland was a mere pretext to get troops into South Africa.

SHAH OF PERSIA ASSASSINATED.

Caught by His Slayer as He Was Entering a Shrine and Shot.

LONDON, May 2.—A dispatch from Teheran, Persia, announcing that the shah had been assassinated has been confirmed. It appears that he was just entering the shrine of Shah Abdul Azim when a Sayyid from Korman sprang forward and shot him, instantly killing him. The assassin was arrested. Nasier-Eld-Din, the shah of Persia, was born April 24, 1829, and succeeded to the throne on Sept. 10, 1848, on the death of his father.

It is known that the shah was arranging for a great celebration of his accession on May 6. At the Persian legation in this city the opinion is expressed that the murder was the deed of a fanatic, and was not the outcome of an especially designed movement. But according to a dispatch which has been received here from Teheran, via St. Petersburg, the assassin was a member of the Babi secret society; a criminal association which has hitherto made attempts upon the shah's life with a shot from a revolver.

A dispatch from Teheran to The Times regarding the situation in Persia incident upon the assassination of the shah says: "Much discontent has existed for some time through the dearth of provisions, partly caused by the excessive issue of copper coins. The assassin's name is Mollah Reza." An article in The Times on the late shah calls to mind that at the beginning of his reign he put to death by thousands the members of the Babi, whose crusade against the corruption of the public and private manners in Persia was so popular as to become a menace to the government.

MAY DAY IN THE OLD WORLD.

Labor Is Quiet at Most Places, But Vienna Indulges in a Riot.

LONDON, May 2.—Advices received here from cities and towns throughout the continent of Europe show that there have been small Socialist and labor meetings incident to May day, but there has been little suspension of work. In spite of the apprehensions which have been felt that the day would be characterized by widespread labor disturbances, there has been no disorder whatever except at Vienna and Bilbao. In Vienna all work was entirely suspended and meetings of laborers were held in every quarter of the city and were very largely attended. These meetings adopted resolutions in favor of universal suffrage.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon enormous crowds proceeded along the Ringstrasse to the Prater, where the cafes and restaurants were crammed full of people. The numbers were estimated at over 90,000 people. Notwithstanding this vast concourse all was quiet till a dispute arose between some Bohemian workmen and the landlord of the big Swoboda restaurant. The workmen became infuriated and smashed everything in the restaurant. A fierce fight ensued with the mounted and foot police. Numbers of persons, including women and children, were seriously wounded by sabres, and the hand of one person was cut off.

Many of the police were also badly injured, including three inspectors, by stones, beer jugs and whatever else the rioters could lay hold of for use as missiles. The military was summoned by telephone and two squadrons of lancers with drawn sabres galloped to the Prater, followed by four battalions of infantry with fixed bayonets. Intense excitement was caused throughout the city by the rioting and by vague fears of a widespread outbreak. Fifty arrests were made and ninety persons injured were taken to the hospital.

Attempt to Rob at a Fire.

QUINCY, Ill., May 2.—During the progress of the fire here Thursday night a bold attempt was made to steal \$5,000 worth of diamonds from jewelry stock in the threatened district. The attempt miscarried and the perpetrators are under arrest. The total loss by the fire amounts to \$140,000.

Though 'Tisn't Hot Today It May Be Tomorrow!

So you'd better have a new refrigerator now. This year we're handling the famous "New Iceberg," the same make we've sold for four years, during that time having sold over one hundred and sixty-five. They're the standard of everything desirable in their line. What's more the prices are below cost. If you're investing in the wheel line we'd be pleased to show you "Falcons," "Kenwoods" and "Elgins." We're taking orders nearly every day for bikes and no wonder, as all disinterested parties pronounce the gold trimmed Falcon the FINEST piece of perfect workmanship ever put up in a wheel. They are unquestioned leaders of all wheels in beauty, rigidity of frame and ease of running. We're quoting way down figures on baby carriages; all latest patterns and finest quality at

C. H. KEYES & SON,

63 First Street.

FURNITURE STORE.

Don't

be

Slow

—and

Old-Fashioned

and waste time and brains figuring out a way to save a few cents. While you are doing this, the progressive, wide-awake men are stepping into the store and saving dollars by investing with us.

Suits are Down!

Men's black cheviot suits at \$6.00, worth \$9.00. Splendid gray all-wool cassimere suits at \$8.00, selling elsewhere for \$10.00.

Our line of \$10.00 suits is too large to enumerate. Forty or fifty different kinds, all extraordinary values. See them; they will talk for themselves.

Better grade Suits ranging in price from \$12.00 to \$15.00 and \$18.00. Just such suits as you always had made to order.

See them.

They are all right.

S. Rosenthal & Son,

Clothiers

and

Furnishers.

14 First St.

Dixon, Illinois.

CLOTHING

at our store is NOW LOWER IN PRICE than ever before.

LIFE TIME!

If we nurse our prejudices and fortify against the reception of new developments and methods, are we just to ourselves, where progress is the infinite laws of worlds? In the small space allotted to us here, we do sincerely invite everyone, who may have interest enough to investigate, to call and see why the "Damascus" Bicycle is a first class wheel and all that is claimed for it.

Do not come leaning upon the judgment of any person but your own. When you compare the construction of the "Damascus" with others, then you can readily see that it is not all selfish interests of our own that prompt us to make the claims we do. Jealous rivals are the only people who abuse the "Damascus"; most of whom have never seen one. Is not this a sufficient reason for you to learn why they are alone in the matter? See if you can find a single fault these rivals charge against it. Enough said. Come and see it.

The Finest

SHOW-ROOM

in Lee County.

DIXON MUSIC COMPANY.

No. 14

EAST 1st ST.

Dixon, Ills.



Abreast of the Times

and up-to-date in everything stylish and elegant in both single and double harness, and horse goods of every description, is the reputation we bear for our fine stock of high-class trappings. We are offering fine grades of harness of all kinds, and every requisite for the road, track or stable, at a lower price than any place in town.

C. M. HUGUET & CO.

61 First Street.

Chicken

Tight,

Elephant

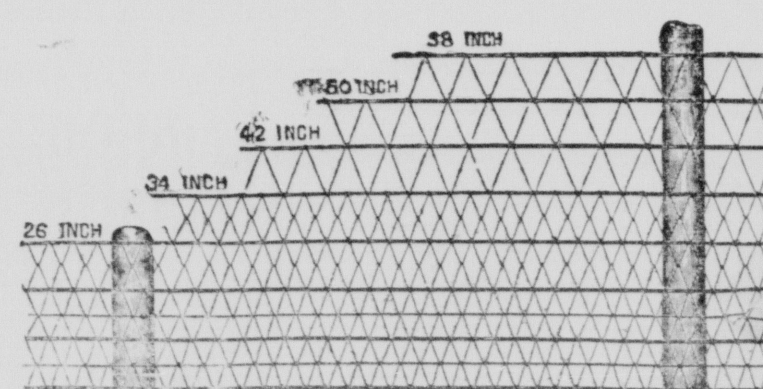
Strong,

and the best

fence made.

PRICE

LOW.



I also have the Wire and Picket Fence. Milk Wagons, Buggies and Surreys, Harnesses, Whips and Robes; also best of Coal of all kinds, all at bottom prices, at

L. D. PITCHER'S.

Telephone Number, 19.

CITY NATIONAL BANK.
SAMUEL C. ELLIS, Pres.
J. W. CRAWFORD, Vice Pres.
LEONARD ANDRUS, Cashier.
CHAS. E. CHANDLER, Asst. Cashier.
This bank is fully equipped to take care of its customers. Its safety deposit vaults and boxes should be patronized by every body who desires absolute security for their valuable papers, jewelry, etc.
HENRY S. DIXON. S. H. BETHA
DIXON & BETHA.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Schuler Building, Telephone 18.
EDWARD E. WINGERT.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Real Estate Law a Specialty, Countryman Building, Rooms 1 and 2.
EDMOND B. OWENS, M. D.
SCHULER Building, Rooms 1 and 2. Office hours 1:30 to 5:00 and 7:00 to 8:30 p. m. Residence Telephone 81; Office 122.
L. J. POLLOCK.
DENTIST, Opera Block, Fillings, porcelain inlays, crowns and bridgework (teeth without plates.) Persons wearing thick, heavy rubber plates should change them for the light, comfortable ones of metal that I manufacture according to my own special methods, which makes them perfect in fit and so strong that I can guarantee them for a lifetime. I still manufacture the best rubber plates for \$2.00.
J. E. BYINGTON.
P. NO TUNER, 160 Galena Avenue. Residence 58 Chamberlain St. 306Sat 17
C. J. REYNOLDS.
Mining Stock Broker
Colorado Springs, Colorado.
Member Board of Trade Correspondence and Mining Exchange. Solicited.
GEORGE SCHORR.
Is Agent for Mendoza Beer
Wholesale and Retail. Bottling done. Orders promptly filled and goods delivered to any part of the city. Tel. No. 136.
JOHN M. JULIEN.
REAL ESTATE,
Town Lots, Houses and Land for sale. Also for Help Wanted, call at No. 8, I. B. Countryman Block.
H. A. BROWN.
Photographer!
116 Galena Ave., over Tillson's Drug Store.

HORSE SHOEING!
W. C. Campbell shop, Peoria Ave.
O. E. WILD, Prop.
The Royal Tailors of Chicago
are the leaders in Clothing for Men or Boys. No misfits; everything satisfactory. Leave orders with
C. A. BALLOU, Agt.
108, Galena Av. Dixon, Ill.
N. J. Starkweather,
Painting and Paper Hanging!
Paper cleaning a specialty. All work guaranteed. Leave orders at L. D. Pitcher's, also at Duffin's Drug Store. Telephone 19.
Thurston's PILLS
Are perfect health jewels, never known to distress but infallible to relieve. When every thing else has failed to bring you relief for headache, biliousness, stomach and liver complaints, try THURSTON'S PILLS. By mail 25 cents per package.
Piano Instructions
FROM A MASTER.
Through his connections with the Imperial Court of Austria, the undersigned has succeeded in securing the great Aly L. Collin to come to Chicago. Instructions for the summer at summer rates. File applications at once.
DR. RICHARD S. ROSENTHAL, 241 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

What Is The Matter
with the Asphalt Sidewalk? IT IS DURABLE, outwearing any board or plank walk, and it costs about the same.
Prices that are Right!
All Work Guaranteed!
J. W. Kelly, 21 E. First St.
F. S. Cortright,
GROCER,
No. 8, E. First St.
THE STAR CAFE,
No. 24 FIRST STREET.
Centrally Located! Service Unexcelled! Prices Reasonable!
Suppers for Balls and Society Banquets, served on short notice. Warm meals at all hours.
Private Dining Room for Ladies!

BLOOD IN PEARL BRYAN'S BODY.
Embalmer Says That He Took Three Pints Therefrom in Embalming.
NEWPORT, Ky., May 2.—The most important witness examined by the defense in Scott Jackson's trial yesterday was the undertaker, William Abbott, who swore that he took three pints of blood from the veins of Pearl Bryan's body in the process of embalming it. The prosecution tried to prove that he was drunk, but failed so far.
The drift of testimony for the defense disclosed a purpose to show that Pearl Bryan, though beheaded in Kentucky, was first killed in Cincinnati and then taken over to Kentucky and beheaded. This, if successful, would set the prisoner free, as he could not be tried for the same offense in Cincinnati. The theory of the defense is that Pearl Bryan was chloroformed to death unintentionally in Cincinnati and then taken to Kentucky and beheaded to escape the penalty for such an act.
The testimony of Embalmer Abbott that he flushed the veins of Pearl Bryan's body before the autopsy and found a quart and a half of blood in them was to overthrow the expert testimony of the prosecution that she must have been killed where found. Early this week the defense put Scott Jackson's shoes in evidence. David R. Lock, who was the fourth man to visit the scene of the murder, testified to seeing tracks from the pike to the spot where the girl lay and that the tracks were not of such shoes as Jackson wore.
Most of the afternoon was taken up by reading the depositions of colored men to prove that George A. Jackson, the colored cab driver, was in Cincinnati Friday night, Jan. 31, and till 2 o'clock on Saturday, Feb. 1, the morning of the murder, and therefore could not have driven the cab to the scene.

OUTLOOK NOT ENCOURAGING.
Dun & Co. Give Views Not Rosy of the Business Situation.
NEW YORK, May 2.—R. G. Duns & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: As the season advances there is more business, but advances indicate that on the whole the prevalent feeling is that the grain is less than there was reason to expect. While retail trade has been active enough to materially lessen stocks and obligations, and thus prevent a great many threatened embarrassments, it has not yet brought enough new business to mills or factories to prevent an increase of unfilled orders and the closing of some works.
Substantially the same state of things exists in all the great industries, notwithstanding the strong combinations in some, and evidence of inadequate consumption appears in the fact that the general range of prices for commodities, farm and mine, as well as manufactured products, is nearly 1 per cent. lower than it was April 1, and the lowest ever known, the decline since October, 1892, being 16.7 per cent.
Speculation has raised cotton an eighth, though receipts and crop prospects still favor lower prices and accumulated stocks of unsold goods are very large. Wheat has declined 4 1/2 cts. for cash, with better accounts of winter and rapid seedling of spring. With only two months of the crop year remaining there is little to encourage higher prices.
Failures for the week have been 238 in the United States, against 231 last year, and 31 in Canada against 34 last year.
SOMETHING NOT TO BANK ON.
Manley Says Reed Is in to Stay and Will Not Withdraw.
NEW YORK, May 2.—In a communication to the Commercial Advertiser on the outlook for the Republican presidential nomination Joseph H. Manley, of Augusta, Me., says: "Any speculation to the effect that friends of Speaker Reed mean to withdraw him from the contest, or that they are discouraged, is baseless. There has never been a single intimation during the campaign when we ever dreamed of such a thing. We do not now. We will not. McKinley will never be nominated. It will be the issue that will win at St. Louis. That issue will be sound money."
Ex-Senator T. C. Platt says: "I am of the opinion that McKinley has not captured enough votes to be nominated, but I am not prepared to disprove the figures of McKinley's managers just now. I expect to have something to say later on. At first glance the figures do not seem to me to have much substantial basis, but I will say, and most emphatically, too, that Morton is still in the race and to stay. He is not going to be withdrawn. And we are not 'giving up' anything."

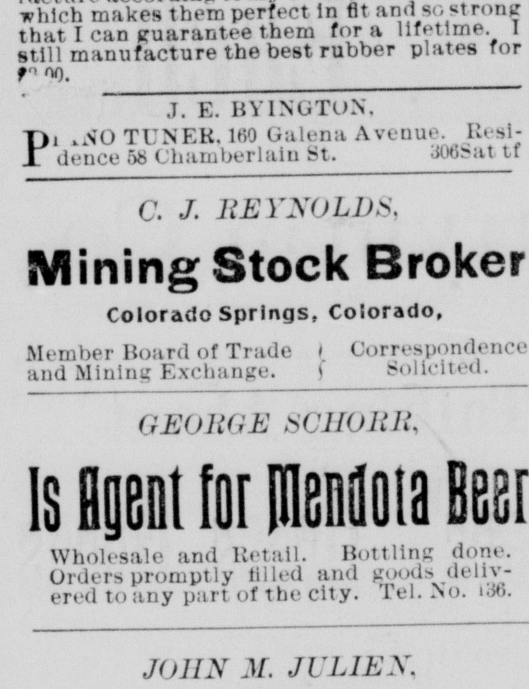
One of the Very Old Stories.
NEW YORK, May 2.—A young woman, who gave her name as Elmira Durand, and who claimed to be the daughter of a wealthy cotton merchant of New Orleans, attempted suicide by taking morphine. A physician who was called in succeeded in saving Miss Durand's life. According to her statement she ran away from New Orleans with Dr. De Lome, of New York. They arrived in this city last Tuesday on the steamer. The doctor promised to marry her, Miss Durand says, but disappeared mysteriously.
Murder of a Curious Combination.
PERRY, O. T., May 2.—At McKinney, a small town 10 miles north of here, Rev. George R. McKinney, who owned most of the town and was a cowboy and preacher from Texas, also postmaster and justice of the peace, was shot to death by Sidney Roberts, William Hook and William Jones. A dispute over land is believed to have actuated the deed, and it is suspected also that money was taken from the corpse.
Chicago Iron Workers Strike.
CHICAGO, May 2.—About 300 structural iron workers employed principally on the various elevated roads in course of construction struck yesterday for an increase of wages, as it was stated that they would do in these dispatches yesterday.
State Arbitrators Settle a Strike.
GLENWOOD, Wis., May 2.—The great strike at this place has been settled under the influence of the state board of arbitration. The Glenwood manufacturing company grants a regular pay day and agrees to take back the strikers.
Furnace Shut Down.
MOLINE, Ill., May 1.—Furnace No. 2 at the Union Malleable Iron works closed Friday for the season, throwing 100 men out of employment. The works have been running full handed since last August.

Springer for A. E. Stevenson.
SPRINGFIELD, O., May 2.—Ex-Congressman Springer, of Illinois, who is here on business, says he favors the nomination of Adlai E. Stevenson by the Democratic national convention for the presidency.
Gresham's Remains En Route.
CINCINNATI, May 2.—The remains of the late Secretary Walter Q. Gresham arrived here over the Big Four at 9 o'clock last night from Chicago, accompanied by Mrs. Gresham, Otto Gresham and other friends. Their car was at once transferred to the Chesapeake and Ohio express for Washington, where the burial takes place at Arlington this afternoon.

UPROOT THE TURK
The Real Remedy for the Ills Complained of Below.
AWFUL CONDITION OF ARMENIANS
Described in a Statement Received by the Relief Committee at New York—A Situation That Has but One Solution, and That Is the Annihilation of the Devilish Power That Produced It—The Plea of a Ravished People.
NEW YORK, May 2.—The national Armenian relief committee has received the following document from Turkey showing the feeling of many of the survivors of the Armenian massacres: "It is now more than five months that sword, fire, famine and cold have been doing their fearful work among us. Not less than 200,000 of our people, largely men, and from influential and protective classes have fallen victims to the fury of our persecutors. More than 60,000 of our number have under threats of instant death professed Islam. Thousands of our sisters and daughters have been violently carried off to the harems of the Turks and Kurds.
Five Thousand in Turkish Jails.
"Not less than 5,000 of our principal men, including many Gregorian priests and Protestant pastors and teachers, are languishing in Turkish dungeons, arrested on utterly baseless charges and given no opportunity to vindicate themselves. A very large part of our property has been stolen or destroyed and all our business is paralyzed, so that the property we still own is for the present largely worthless. Nor do we yet see any signs of marked improvement in our condition. It is true that massacre and open plunder have been forbidden, but our Moslem neighbors are still maintaining a fiercely insulting and threatening attitude toward us as a race.
All Hope of Justice Abandoned.
"And even were they constrained to abandon their bloody purposes the fanatical fury of the Moslem peoples among whom we live, having been so fiercely inflamed, is quite sufficient even against any feeble efforts the government might be constrained to make to complete the work of destruction already so far accomplished. We have long since abandoned all hope of any political rights or standing in this land. The only position possible for us is that of serfs. We have cherished the hope of effective aid from Christian nations. It has failed us, and we are sacrificed to political and selfish ambition.
What Is Yet Left for Them?
"What, then, are we to do? Three possible courses of action are open to us. First, we can surrender to our fate. Our lives have clung to during their many years of oppression and suffering; we can abandon our faith, profess Islam, and lose ourselves and our children in the mass of the Moslem masters; or second, we can go on patiently dragging the chains of our oppressors and bearing their insults and abuses; or third, we can seek in other lands and among liberty-loving people new homes and new chances of enterprise and hope.
EMIGRATION THE ONLY PROSPECT.
And That It Is Doubtful If the "Un-speakable" Will Permit.
Some of our people have already tried to adjust themselves to the first condition named, but even now their walls of anguish and remorse, that are making their lives an insupportable burden, warn us that death is a thousand times to be preferred to a life so basely purchased. The second alternative is no doubt still open to us. We can repudiate all our claims and aspirations for manhood, we can surrender all hope of progress, and take up again the old servile life of the past.
"We should so perhaps be allowed to retain our names, our traditions and our faith, but how dwarfed, cramped and corrupted. Meanwhile other and Christian lands open hospitable doors to us, and extend us sympathy and generous aid and bid us welcome to share with them the heritage of Christian liberty and civilization.
"Only two things we need to know. First, will our sultan permit us to emigrate? If so we should be glad if arrangements could be made by which we could secure for our future use some reasonable part of the property we leave behind us. Second, will the Christian nations who have been witnesses of our sufferings grant us an asylum in their borders and give us aid in our distress?"
METHODIST CONFERENCE BEGINS.
Rights of Laymen Comes Up in a Radical Manner First Thing.
CLEVELAND, May 2.—The quadrennial conference of the Methodist Episcopal church was called to order in this city by Bishop Bowman yesterday. There were 3,000 people in the hall and the delegations were unusually full, for Methodism in this country and elsewhere is watching this conference to see what it will do with the two great questions before it—female representation and the demands of the laymen. After the usual devotional services the call of the roll was begun and the name of Lydia A. Timble, a woman elected a delegate, was announced.
A delegate was immediately on his feet moving that the name be omitted until it was decided whether the election was legal. Bishop Bowman ruled that the motion was not in order until the convention was organized and was loudly applauded. The next thing that came up was a set of resolutions demanding that laymen have the same right to choose the committees on which they will serve as ministers. This also was ruled out of order on the same grounds as the motion regarding the woman delegate.
In the afternoon district conferences were held and members of the committee of thirty-one were appointed. Of the fourteen district conferences seven declared unconditionally for seating the women delegates and two others gave one delegate each to the same cause. This makes a vote of seventeen to eleven in the committee in favor of seating the women.
Rev. Dr. John Lanahan, of Baltimore, author of the book "The Frauds of the Methodist Book Concern," is here. The Bible used in opening the convention was once the property of John Wesley.

NEW YORK TIMES IN TROUBLE.
Receiver Appointed for the Paper Made Famous by Raymond.
NEW YORK, May 2.—Justice Andrews, in the supreme court yesterday, appointed Alfred Ely receiver for The Times Publishing company, and John H. Judge referee for the company in proceedings brought by the majority of the directors for a dissolution of the corporation. A bond of \$50,000 is required of Receiver Ely. The petitioners state that the capital stock of the company is \$1,250,000. The petition for the dissolution of the corporation states that it is asked for by the majority of the directors who have declared that the assets of the company are not sufficient to pay its debts.
ABBREVIATED TELEGRAMS.
The wife of Oscar Lyons, a farmer living near Mayfield, Ky., has given birth to five children, all boys, all well developed and all healthy at last report.
Charles Hines, who has been convicted at Chicago of attempting to murder "Mushmouth" Johnson, a State street saloonkeeper, will be sentenced to the penitentiary under the indeterminate law.
The Epworth League board of control has recommended that the affiliation with the Christian Endeavor society be dissolved.
The Chicago Gas Light and Coke company, having just found that the Woman's Hospital had been using its gas for ten years without paying a cent, rendered a bill of \$10,800. President Lincoln then compromised by accepting \$1,000.
Columbia University will send a band of naturalists to explore the Puget Sound region. They will leave New York June 10.
Obituary: At Anderson, Ind., W. G. Lindsay. At Crystal Falls, Mich., Sherif Thomas Ball. At Rochester, Ind., Dr. Cornelius C. Hector, 80. At Janesville, Wis., Mrs. E. C. Gowdy, 80. At Gillett, Wis., Louis Runkel. At Elco, Ill., James E. McCrite, 83.
Letters of administration on the estate of Elwin Partridge, late of Chicago, have been granted to the widow. The estate is scheduled at \$1,000,000, of which \$500,000 is in real estate. The heirs are Mrs. Partridge and five children.
Phylloxera has broken out among the vines in Uruguay.
Ex-Representative Bourke Cockran was seriously hurt by being run into while riding a bicycle at New York.
The total catch of seals in the North Atlantic for the season just closed was 207,000.
The German reichstag, by a vote of 200 to 39, has adopted a motion to prohibit options on grain and grain products on the exchange.
Governor Levi P. Morton will touch a button tonight in New York and a big cannon will be discharged in Union square in San Francisco. This will announce the opening of the electrical exhibition in New York city.
The distress owing to the drought in the northwest provinces of India is unexampled. It is estimated that 200,000 persons are employed on relief work.
Increase of the Public Debt.
WASHINGTON, May 2.—The monthly statement of the public debt issued by the treasury shows that on April 30 the debt, less cash in the treasury, was \$948,287,670, an increase for the month of \$5,945,417. This is accounted for in part by a decrease of \$1,551,057 in the amount of cash in the treasury and an increase of nearly \$5,000,000 in the amount of bonds delivered under the last sale.
Rain Spoils Base Ball.
CHICAGO, May 2.—There were but two games of base ball scheduled for the League and rain spoiled both of them.
The Weather That Sometimes Comes.
WASHINGTON, May 2.—The following are the weather and outlook for twenty-four hours from 3 p. m. yesterday for Indiana—Fair weather, preceded by local showers in northern portion; cooler in northern portion; westerly winds. For Illinois—Local showers, followed by fair weather in northern portion; generally fair in southern portion; cooler; westerly winds. For Lower Michigan—Increasing cloudiness and probably light local showers; fresh and brisk southeasterly winds; cooler in western portion. For Upper Michigan—Local rains; cooler in western portion; fresh and brisk easterly winds. For Wisconsin—Light rain showers, followed by fair weather; light to fresh northerly winds, shifting to westerly. For Iowa—Fair weather, preceded in extreme eastern portion by showers; warmer in western portion; westerly winds.
THE MARKETS.
New York Financial.
NEW YORK, May 1.
Money on call easy at 2 1/2 per cent.; prime mercantile paper 4 1/2 to 5 1/2 per cent.; sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at 45 3/4 @ 49 for demand and 45 3/4 @ 48 for sixty days; posted rates, 45 3/4 @ 49 and 45 3/4 @ 49 commercial bills, 47.
Silver certificates, 65 3/4 @ 65 3/4; no sales; bar silver, 65; Mexican dollars, 34.
United States government bonds steady; new 4s registered, 113 1/4; do coupons, 117 1/4; 4s registered, 113 1/4; do coupons, 117 1/4; 12 1/2s, 4s registered, 113 1/4; 4s coupons, 113 1/4; 2s registered, 45; Pacific 5s of '97, 113 1/4.
Chicago Grain and Produce.
CHICAGO, April 30.
The following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—May, opened 62c, closed 60 3/4; June, opened 60 3/4, closed 60 3/4; July, opened 60c, closed 59 3/4; Corn—May, opened 25 1/2, closed 25 1/2; July, opened 25 1/2, closed 25 1/2; September, opened 25 1/2, closed 25 1/2; Oats—May, opened 17 1/2, closed 17 1/2; June, nominal, closed 18c; July, opened 18 1/2, closed 18 1/2; Pork—May, opened \$8.07 1/2, closed 7.95; July, opened \$8.50, closed \$8.10; Lard—May, opened \$4.70, closed \$4.75; July, opened \$4.85, closed \$4.87 1/2.
Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 15c per lb.; extra dairy 12 1/4 @ 13 1/2; fresh packing stock 12. Eggs—Fresh stock, 8 1/2 @ 9c per doz. Live Poultry—Turkeys, 8 1/2 @ 9c per lb.; chickens, hens, 3 1/2 @ 4c; roosters, 3 1/2 @ 4c; ducks, 9 @ 10c; geese, 10 @ 12 1/2 per doz. Potatoes—Burbank, 15 @ 18c per bu.; mixed, 13 @ 15c. Sweet potatoes 11 @ 12 1/2 per bu. Apples—Fair to fancy, 4 1/2 @ 5 1/2 per bu. Cranberries—Jersey, 5.00 @ 6.00 per bu. Honey—White clover, 13 1/4 @ 14c per lb.; broken comb, 9 @ 10c; extracted, 5 @ 6c.
Chicago Live Stock.
CHICAGO, April 30.
Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock Yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimates for the day, 30.00; sales ranged at \$2.75 @ \$3.55 pigs, \$3.35 @ \$4.00 light, \$3.10 @ \$3.50 rough packing, \$3.20 @ \$3.50 mixed and \$3.20 @ \$3.40 heavy packing and shipping lots.
Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 4,500; quotations ranged as follows: Hogs—Choice to extra shipping steers, \$3.75 @ \$4.05; good to choice do., \$3.35 @ \$3.50; fair to good, \$3.10 @ \$3.30; common to medium do., \$3.10 @ \$3.00; butchers' steers, \$2.50 @ \$3.00; stockers, 3.25 @ \$3.50 feeders, \$1.50 @ \$1.75 cows, \$2.40 @ \$2.75; heifers, \$2.00 @ \$2.25; bulls, \$1.00 @ \$1.25; Texas steers, and \$3.00 @ \$3.75 yearlings.
Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 11,000; sales ranged at \$3.00 @ \$3.70; western, \$2.25 @ \$3.25; Texana, \$2.50 @ \$3.50 natives, and \$2.00 @ \$2.75 lambs.

A Golden Opportunity
FOR THE
SICK AND SUFFERING.
DR. PRETTYMAN,
Will, on his coming visit to
Dixon, Illinois, Thursday May 21st, 1896;
NACHUSA HOUSE,
Give Free Treatment to the Afflicted!
REMEMBER THE DAY AND DATE.
DON'T MISS THIS GREAT OFFER.



DR. PRETTYMAN is a graduate of College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City, the greatest and best college in the U. S. He has had years of training in the great hospital and, as has been demonstrated, his work has surpassed the expectations of everybody. He treats all
A GENUINE OFFER—Beware in mind this, a genuine offer. Inspired by right, with the hope that the many who need special treatment will avail themselves of this offering and rid themselves of the diseases that have troubled them for years.
MEN—Young men, middle-aged men, old men suffering from weakness, impaired memory, dizziness, loss of power, unpleasant dreams, blood poisoning, leakage, losses, etc., should not let this opportunity pass, as a trial treatment will satisfy even the most skeptical of his wonderful curative powers in these cases. Not one failure in every 400 cases treated the past year.
All treatment free. No charge for professional services. The patient required only to pay nothing except cost of the medicine. This applies to all who call, no matter what the nature of the malady.
TO HELP ALL.—Any chronic sufferer, whatever the nature of the disease, may call upon this doctor and get the best aid known to enlightened medicine at the actual cost of the medicines. It is the spirit and purpose of his visits to bring to the treatment and cure of chronic diseases generally the great advantages he possesses in successfully handling these stubborn disorders so prolific of human misery and so destructive of human life.

CHRONIC DISEASES
Eye, ear, nose, throat, lungs, stomach, liver, bowels and bladder. All diseases of women treated by new method. Quick, positive cures.
Working for a Principle, Not a Fee.
No pains will be spared to make this demonstration complete in each individual case. Every patient who receives the treatment will receive, if possible, more earnest, careful and expensive care and treatment than if he were paying the usual fee. It is the success of the principle that inspires the effort and work in each case. Each case completely cured establishes the principle that this doctor has been trying to impress, that he can and does cure chronic diseases. He will take a genuine pride in making the cure and treatment in every case under this free offer, if it could be possible, even better than the regular fee. No matter what form of chronic disease you suffer, consult him.

PARLORS AT NACHUSA HOTEL, FROM 9 A. M. TO 8 P. M.
Remember the day and Date, Thursday May 21st
Returning every 4 weeks. Address
DR. PRETTYMAN, 573 East 43rd street, Chicago Illinois.

The Deaf, Blind and Cross-eyed.
THIS IS YOUR GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY!
DR. KING,
The well known Chicago Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist, by urgent solicitation of many of Dixon's citizens, will make his second visit to
NACHUSA HOUSE, DIXON, ILLINOIS, SATURDAY, MAY 16th,
REMAINING UNTIL MONDAY, MAY 25th.
During his recent two weeks visit to Dixon the Doctor treated over 75 people of Dixon and vicinity, with marvelous results.
See Some of His Testimonials:

DEAFNESS.
Mr. J. H. Downs, age 71, says: "I am able to hear the clock tick, also voices, for the first time in many years, the result of 10 days treatment with Dr. King, and I believe him honest and skillful."
Mr. E. D. Wooding, says: "After 12 days treatment with Dr. King I can hear my watch tick, which I have not done for many years."

CROSS EYES.
Mr. John Shoemaker age 41 years, says: "I have been cross-eyed since a child; I consulted Dr. King, and he straightened my eyes in a short time; he did exactly what he promised to do and I know him to be honorable and skillful, and I most heartily recommend him to others who have this terrible disfigurement."
Mr. W. H. Steel, age 52, says: "I was cross-eyed from childhood. Dr. King made them perfectly straight in one minutes time. No pain. He can straighten others."

Consultation and Examination Free, and if your case is incurable he will quickly tell you so.
CATARRH.—He can cure every case permanently and quickly; no failure by his method of treatment. This is a loathsome and dangerous disease and should be cured.
DEAFNESS.—He cures 70 per cent. of all cases, no matter how long standing or how bad. Can be examined free.
NOISES IN EARS.—Can be cured quickly. They are dangerous symptoms and should be stopped to prevent deafness.
ANY KIND OF SORE EYES or growth about eye or lids, he removes and cures without pain.
DISCHARGING EARS cured in a few treatments. No pain.
POLYPUS TUMORS OF NOSE which interfere with your breathing. Easily and painlessly removed in one minute.
CATARACT removed without pain, and success guaranteed in every case.
LOSS OF VOICE Quickly and permanently cured. No pain.
Any disease or disfigurement of eye, ear, nose or throat, treated in the most skillful manner.
HEADACHE, Dizziness, Vomiting, Hysteria, Sleeplessness, Nervousness Saint Vitus Dance, Neuralgia of head or face, specks float before eyes, let ters dance and run together, disposition to close eyes tightly when reading are some of the functional nervous troubles which can be cured by properly fitted glasses and by the new method of grinding lenses it is only necessary to wear the glasses when taxing the eyes.
CROSS EYES. He can straighten the worst case in one minutes' time, no chloroform, no pain, and the patient can work the same day. Guarantees every case.

COME EARLY and get the benefit of the Doctor's long stay in the city, a everyone must be treated in his proper order. Tell your friends of this unusual opportunity.
Hours: 8:30 a. m. to 8:00 p. m. Nachusa House Parlors May 16th to May 25th.

FOR SALE!

25 Lots in Highland Park Addition. Prices low and terms easy. Do not fail to see them before purchasing elsewhere.

For Rent!

The Merriam Property on North Crawford avenue 10 acres of land, fine large house, barn, chicken house, &c. The north rooms in the second story of the Pinckney Block (over express office.) Prefer to rent to physician or lawyer.

For further information call on

HUGHES & STERLING,

Real Estate, Loans and Insurance, Kling Building, Dixon, Illinois.

Money To Loan

on Farms and Farm Property.

REAL ESTATE

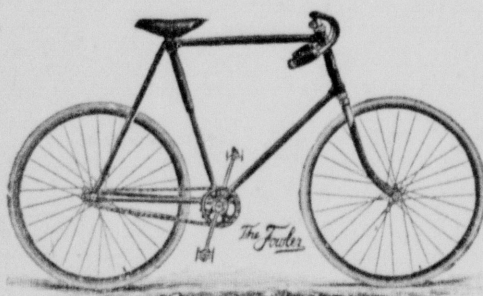
Bargains to be had if taken soon, both in city property and improved farm lands.

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Fire, Lightning, Cyclone, Life and Accident. None but first-class companies.

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Real Estate, Loans and Insurance.



The Frame Tells the Name.

"The Fowler"

(Original Truss Frame.)

They stand the shocks, Of ruts and rocks, They're built that way.

We also have the

GENDRON, PHOENIX, RELIANCE, DUKE.

See them at

T. J. MILLER'S Music Store.

160 Galena Avenue.

SEED POTATOES!

Early Ohio, Extra Early Sunrise, Freeman, Red Michigan, Early June, Thurman, World's Fair, American Wonder, Irish Cobbler, Alexander Prolific, Michigan Snowflakes, Rural New Yorker, Empire State and Delawares.

Tube Rose Bulbs, Choice Stock.

Geo. D. Laing,

119 Galena Avenue.

We Wish

To call the attention of our Musical Friends to the fact that the old reliable Hallet & Davis Piano Co., has now in stock 13 different styles, and of the latest designs of their own make of high-grade pianos; never before introduced outside of the great cities. Our prices are but little more than ordinary pianos, owing to the fact that we sell on a salary for the factory, saving all agents' commissions. Terms to suit purchaser, and old instruments taken in exchange.

HALLET & DAVIS CO

CASH WILLIAMS, Manager.

Staple and

Fancy Groceries!

New Vegetables of all kinds as the season advances.

New Garden Seeds in packages or bulk.

Try a sack of the Celebrated Gold Mine Flour.

Denny & Reynolds,

Telephone 57.

53 First Street

—Mr. and Mrs. Beverley Reynolds came home from Chicago last night.

—This office is today decorated by a beautiful bunch of tulips from Mrs. Erastus Courtright's garden.

—Earnest Freadhoff has purchased through the agency of C. H. Keyes & Son a gold trimmed Falcon bicycle.

—Mrs. Hiram Raymond was called to Chicago Thursday afternoon by the serious illness of her sister, Mrs. Riekey.

—Charles Ramsey and Mrs. William Cookly took Mrs. Phillip Miller of Sublette to the Assylum at Elgin yesterday.

—Prof. L. B. Neighbor received a desirable present from Ohio friends yesterday,—a handsome rustic arm-chair.

—Horton C. Godfrey attended the calico party at Sterling last night given by the Sterling Club and reports a very enjoyable affair.

—Arthur Murphy is the name of the young College student from N. Dakota who has been arrested for a crime too loathsome to tell about.

—Henry Chapple's house in West Dixon was struck by lightning during the storm yesterday and considerable plaster was torn from the walls.

—Wm. Clark will commence a series of ten lectures at the Court House Park tonight, at 8 p. m. This is the same man who was here a year ago and lectured before the A. P. A. society.

—Connie Thomann has left at the bottling works on First street for the owner a black satin sash which he found at the Opera House the night of the Minstrels.

—The young men in J. D. Parsons' store are geniuses. They have taken two bikes and have put them together in such a way as to make a practical three wheel tandem.

Banquet to Secretary Sawyer.

H. L. Sawyer, having resigned his position as Permanent Secretary of the Dixon Y. M. C. A., and accepted a similar position with the Association in the larger field offered in Freeport, the board of directors with whom he has worked so amicably and so efficiently for the past five years, wishing to express in a fraternal way their appreciation of his christian fidelity and regret at his departure, tendered him on Friday evening a private banquet and reception at the home of the treasurer of the association, Elias Bovey.

Sickness and other unavoidable causes prevented the attendance of the entire Board with their ladies; but at about 6:30 p. m. the following sat down to an elegantly spread table extending from the dining room through the wide arched entrance into the sitting room: Messrs and Mesdames I. W. Lewis, E. Bovey, John Laing, E. L. Kling, H. E. Kennedy; Mesdames S. J. Brewer and E. M. Akin; Misses Nellie Moore and Grace Dysart; Messrs. E. B. Raymond, H. L. Sawyer, C. A. Burgess, J. H. Moore and C. A. Steinmann.

The table was decorated with violets, and violet favors were placed beside each plate. The menu was served in three courses: 1.—Salmon pudding and toasted Clinton flakes. 2.—Ham, cream potatoes, hot rolls, devilled eggs, jelly, olives, pickles and coffee. 3.—Ice cream and cake.

At the close of the repast, Mr. Lewis, president of the Board of Directors, in a few appropriate remarks expressive of the warm esteem of the members of the board, presented Mr. Sawyer with an elegantly bound Oxford Bible, suitably inscribed. To this Mr. Sawyer responded, assuring the members of the board that the present severance of their official connection could not sever the kindly feelings he had for every one of them, nor obliterate the memory of their uniformly pleasant connection. It was rare indeed to find a field where such unbroken harmony—such absence of unpleasant friction existed as had rendered pleasant his entire term of service in Dixon, and in going to his new field, he should carry with him into the future the happiest memories of his life in Dixon.

After the banquet the members of the board adjourned to the back parlor for a half hour's business session, at the conclusion of which, after a brief season of prayer, the members joined their ladies in the front parlor and a little time was spent in social chat and in singing, (with piano accompaniment by Miss Emma Bovey) such songs as "Bless'd be the Tie That Binds," the assembly joining hands in a circle and uniting in the sentiment of the song.

Mr. Sawyer leaves Dixon some time next week. To give all his friends and acquaintances, both ladies and gentlemen, (and there are a great many) an opportunity of seeing and shaking hands with him before he goes, the Social committee have arranged for a reception at the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, on Monday evening, May 4th. No invitations have been sent out and it will be entirely informal. All are invited, whether members of the Association or not, to drop in during the evening, if only for a time.

PROF. COLE'S LECTURE.

A Large Audience—The Unseen World Brought to Light.

The lecture at the opera house last evening filled every seat and brought out as large an assemblage as the preceding attraction. Prof. Jenkins, of the public Health Association, introduced the speaker in a few appropriate remarks and he immediately, in a pleasing, conversational style, entered upon his subject. While the lecture was deeply interesting throughout, but a few of the more striking portions of it can be given, for lack of space. In the initiatory remarks it was asserted that in all the vast field of science no subject lies closer to human life and happiness, or is more intimately connected with it.

Are bacteria plants or animals? is a question Prof. Coles first answered by exhaustively defining the dividing line between the two kingdoms, where they were so minute as to be imperceptible to the eye except with the aid of powerful microscopes. Bacteria were placed in the same class as fungi and hence their study would be in the plane of botany. Different forms were characteristically described, the average in length requiring twenty-five thousand laid consecutively to reach an inch, and even then it would be impossible to see them, the human eye not being able to perceive objects so minute. The bacteria which cause grip, being half as large, would need about fifty thousand. Persons who have experienced the "grip," probably regard this as an exceedingly low estimate.

Bacteria possess an outer skin and this is one of the points made in classifying them as plants, for it is composed of the same material as plants,—cellulose or woody fiber. They have flagella, by which locomotion is assured; the long slender filament being alternately expanded and contracted causes comparatively rapid propulsion in some species. The interior of the tiny sac-like creature is filled with protoplasm, (the lowest form of living matter) about thirteen per cent albumen and eighty-seven per cent water. This interior portion is a veritable poison factory in several of the genera; but happily for the human race, they are comparatively few. The speaker asserted that he carried around millions of them and that he thought his digestion much better for their presence than otherwise. The majority of them are man's best friends. The temperature at which they can live is from 32° to 100° and a few above that. Changes of temperature either way destroy them. Likewise they cannot grow and multiply where it is perfectly dry, though they may remain dormant. Wherever there is moisture, there they increase and multiply and find a congenial home. There cannot be organic decay without the presence of bacteria. This is especially noticeable in the great dry regions of the west, where, there being no bacteria, meat, and other culinary necessities will keep fresh for long periods. The fallen trees do not decay and the leaves and other matter accumulates from year to year.

Wherever the air leaves dust there will be bacteria—on furniture, draperies, fruit, vegetables and on the food at the table. Some from the three divisions—cocci, bacilli or spirilla—would be found in these places. We cannot escape them, and to know how to destroy them we must know their life history.

It was by comparison that the Professor gave us the wonderful perfection to which the microscope has been brought. Should the finest-made needle be magnified as were the microbes on the canvas we would have in our imagination a bar of steel about ten feet in diameter and nearly one-third of a mile long.

Julius Lloyd managed the stereopticon for the lecturer.

At the close of the lecture Professor Jenkins explained the objects of the Association and its desires and hopes for the future good in a few timely remarks and suggested that these lectures be continued. A paper was circulated for subscribers with that object in view, but not with the success, on account perhaps of the lateness of the hour, that the cause deserved. For the general good these lectures should be continued.

College Entertainment.

Last evening at the Chapel of the college was more than ordinary well filled, many from town being in attendance to enjoy an elocutionary treat.

Mrs. Tisdall, of Chicago, entertained the audience, displaying rare talent. "The Vision of Sir Launfal" was very much enjoyed and this was followed by "The Ninety-five Dollar Girl," which was an encore. Mrs. Browning's "Rhyme of the Duchess May" was excellent. The lady recited a Nergo selection "Uncle Bob's Sunday school" in which the dialect and the singing of a hymn was especially good. The entertainment was not entirely elocutionary, there being music interspersed. Prof. Heritage sang, "The Vagabond" from "Fra Diavolo." A cornet solo by Mr. Brazelton was one of the best numbers.

Trials of a Woman Editor, Abused by a Rival Who Thought She Was a Man.

The beautiful young girl who had graduated only a year before with the highest honors rushed into the family sitting-room and flung herself with a storm of sobs upon the sofa, says the Houston Post.

"What is it, my dear?" asked her father, soothing her gently, "Has anything happened to discourage you?" "Papa," said the maiden, raising her tear-stained face, "I am done with journalism for ever. When you allowed me to purchase that weekly newspaper I thought that no occupation on earth could be so noble, so elevating and powerful to scatter good and wisdom throughout the world. When I began editing the paper everything appeared bright and rose colored. My editorials were praised by the entire Texas press and I got flattering words of encouragement from even the large dailies. I was, oh, so proud of the fact that, although a woman, I had been admitted as an equal member of the great brotherhood that exercises such an influence upon the mind and morals of the people. Last week I wrote a gentle criticism of an article that appeared in a little weekly in another county. This, papa—this is what I find in the next issue of that horrid paper."

The lovely girl handed her father the paper and buried her head upon the sofa pillows while he read the following:

"We would say to the loathsome, knock-kneed, piebald jabberwack that infests the editorial dugout of the Weekly Herald—keep your shirt on! The disgusting, idiotic drivel that emanates from the clipper-jawed, squirrel-headed, slab-sided puddle duck that spoils paper for that sewer pipe of journalism should get a pair of buckskin, kick-proof pants, or else quit squirting such gobs of back-handed putrefied slime at decent papers. If the hump-back putty-faced vermin referred to doesn't like our remarks we will call any day and scatter a few locks of hair and brass buttons around said Herald office, or forfeit a year's subscription."

"Papa," said the girl graduate in a small but decided voice, "I want you to buy me a cook book and some long aprons; I'm going to stay at home and help mother about the house."

Senator Jones.

A tall man in black clothes of no particular style entered a Broadway jewelry shop the other day, says the New York Sun, and asked to see a watch. The clerk, sizing him up for a poor country parson who would be well rid of, produced a \$200 timepiece as a discourager. The stranger looked it over and asked to see something better. Winking to the cashier, the clerk reached for a specially made chronometer, the price of which he felt would be a squelcher. The seedy man examined the watch and inquired its value. "One thousand dollars," said the bright clerk. "Ah," observed the customer. "Let me see a chain, please." An expensive chain was produced, and then the visitor selected a valuable charm which had been made for exhibition only. The stranger stuck the jewelry into his vest pocket, and the clerk, fearing that he might have entertained a thief, kept close to the suspect, who quietly fished out a big roll of bills, and placed two thousand dollar gold certificates upon the counter. Utterly phased, the salesman remarked that it was customary to keep the names of customers to identify goods if lost by purchasers. "My name is Jones," said the stranger; Senator Jones, of Nevada. You may address me at the Capitol."

A Double Dose.

Ladies who have finished their spring house cleaning will appreciate the position that Mrs. Joseph Staples is placed in. Yesterday saw completed that annual trouble in her home. Her husband went home to supper and the tired, lost, homeless expression that he has worn for a week while everything was torn up gave way to his usual pleasant expression, there was peace and love in that household last evening. But the storm came. The wind or light ning knocked bricks from the top of the chimney down into the flue forcing out the stops to the several stove pipe holes and filling the rooms with soot that when it settled left a half inch covering over all the clean carpets, furniture, bric-a-brac, pictures and curtains. We have not seen Mrs. Staples, but we know that Joe's disposition today is not to be trifled with.

An Old Settler Dead.

Mrs. Isabel Teall, who has lived for the past fifty-five years at what is known as Teall Corners, Taylor township, Ogle county, on the Daysville road, died last Tuesday and was buried at Lighthouse cemetery at 10 a. m. Thursday morning. Elias Teall, her husband, died some twenty years ago. Mrs. Teall was born in Scotland in 1810.

Be Sure and Look It Over!

o o o Our Glass Bargains.

1/2 Gallon Pitchers,
8 inch High Footed Bowls,
10 inch Celery Trays,
8 inch Berry Dishes,
8 inch Fruit Comports,
10 inch Bread Plates,
9 inch Preserve Dishes,
8 inch Sauce Nappies,
8 inch Cake Stands,
Etc. Etc.

Only
10c
Each.

I. B. Countryman Co.,

Galena Avenue.

Everybody is Talking About

Thompson Brothers' Dress Goods

at 27c Per Yd.

MOHAIRS, HENRIETTES, SERGES and NOVELTIES.

Reduced From 35c, 40c and 45c.

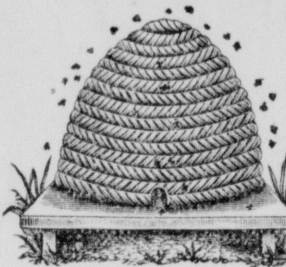
CALL AND LOOK AT THEM.

Ask to look at our shoes: we have a complete line and WILL SAVE YOU MONEY. An elegant line of Shirt Waists and Wrappers.

THOMPSON BROS.
AUSTIN'S OLD STAND.

THE

BEE
158 Galena Ave.



HIVE
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We Are Sure Winners

in the race for trade. Put your money up early, our stock will be all broke up at the finish. Fair goods and fair prices never lost a race. We have got 'em; we will win without a break. We ask you to take advantage of a great opportunity to get Bargains of Honest-Work from our full and complete line of seasonal attractions in Boots and Shoes, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Straw Hats, Crockery, Glassware, Tinware, Lamps, &c. Come early, Come often, come prepared to be pleased; we disappoint nobody who is looking for Honest Quality, Good Styles and Low Prices. A splendid stock stands back of our promise. We prize your trade and we are out for the prize.

The BEE HIVE,

Eichler Bros., Proprietors.

158 Calena Ave.

New Tan Shoes
For Men!

LATEST STYLES!
INDIAN REDS!
CHOCOLATES!
RUSSETS!

\$2.00,
\$2.50,
\$3.00,
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STRICTLY CASH.

WE WANT YOUR SHOE TRADE!

Ford's Shoe Store,
10 EAST FIRST STREET.

POCKETS
LEAK?

Lose Money through those little holes? A 10c purse will stop that leak. Carry valuable papers loose in your pockets? Soon wear 'em out, if you don't lose them. We've all sorts of pocket books, from the tiny little coin carriers up to the "pocket satchels"—or long bill books. Come in and see 'em.

HYDE'S
BOOK
STORE.



Our Boy's Clothing is full of style and value. A big assortment to select from.

Jas. H. Todd & Son,
118 Galena Avenue.

OUR SPECIALTY IS : :
WAGONS and CARRIAGES!
Years of experience in this one line gives to our patrons many dollars.

Respectfully,
Paul G. Lord,
21 River Street.

For Sale.
Residence of N. P. McKenney on Madison Avenue. A bargain for 10 days.

A. S. Hyde & Co.
Rooms 2 and 3 Opera Block.

GARDEN SEEDS!
We have just received the best Northern Grown Garden Seeds, in packages and bulk, Worlds Fair Seed Potatoes, Ohio Juniors, Early Ohio and all other varieties.
Fancy Maple Syrup per gallon 90c.
JONES' Department Store,
Telephone No. 127. 405 Depot Ave.

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Successor to
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REMINGTON BICYCLE
STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE
We also have the agency for
The America!

Ridden by the world's heaviest rider, "Baby Bliss," weight 502 lbs.: weight of wheel 24 lbs.
We handle the Speeder, Andrie, Stormer and Crawford Bicycles.
All wheels kept in repair a year free of charge.

J. W. KENT & SON,
101 Galena Avenue, near bridge.

JOHN E. MOYER,
Dealer in
Coal and Wood!
NORTH DIXON.

I wish to call attention to the fact that I sell the best in the market, and would be very glad to figure with you when you get ready to buy.
And to those that are indebted to me I want to ask the favor that they call and give me their assistance.

Yours Respectfully,
JOHN E. MOYER.
Office 419 North Crawford Avenue.
TELEPHONE NO. 83.

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SHAW & SON, EDITORS.
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—A correspondent in one of our exchanges says: "I went to a meat bazar to buy a chicken, and the urbane proprietor taxed me 45 cents; an hour later I saw a man sell a pretty good horse for 75 cents. This fact has a moral in it if I only knew how to dig it out." The moral is that a man is unwise to eat chicken these hard times when he can get a big horse for 75 cents with no feathers to pick off.

—A mother and daughter in LaSalle each gave birth to a child at about the same time and in the same house, and the doctor in his hurry laid the two babies in the same cradle and no one present knew which child belonged to which woman. As the younger woman wished a son and the older one a daughter the matter was amicably settled as one was a boy and the other a girl. But they will never know whether they have their own children.

—One is reminded of the Pennsylvania Dutchman's reason for refusing to subscribe for the erection of a lighting rod for a church. At all events it appears that neither piety nor a good name can save a town from a tornado. The village of Epiphany, S. D., was destroyed by a cyclone Tuesday, a church wrecked, and a preacher seriously injured, while the locality known as Hell's Half-Acre, over in an adjoining township, wasn't even touched.

—The Sterling Standard: Frank Strook, who is now employed in the Henderson Shoe Factory in Dixon, came down to this city on his bike Tuesday evening for the purpose of trying on a new suit of clothes. While near the Gap Grove, he ran into a rut, while coasting and in less time than it takes to tell it, he and wheel were rolling down the hill in a horribly mixed up manner. No bones were broken however, and Frank was able to make the rest of the trip in safety.

—Even New Yorkers who have become familiar with the new method of building, in which the walls seem merely a shell, and the steel framework is the essential structure, observe with interest the work on a business block which is going up in Sixth avenue. Most of the ground floor is not walled in, the masons having begun at the second story and laid brick nearly to the top of the building. The effect of the steel columns supporting several stories of masonry is decidedly queer.

—It is said that the common dandelion is a perfect soporific. Two or three leaves chewed just before going to bed will induce sleep, no matter how nervous a man may be. The leaves can be easily dried for winter use, and the best of it is, that when used to woo sleep, there is no morning headache or weariness such as invariably follow the use of chloral or morphine. N. B. At Bluff Park can be found this excellent soporific in great abundance which can be had by the wakeful only for the digging.

—The German Lutheran church at Lena was struck by lightning and fired during the storm of Wednesday. The bolt shattered the steeple and belfry, followed a post through the ceiling, knocking off a little plastering and ran across the ceiling to a gilt cove molding that is in a corner formed by the ceiling and walls. It apparently followed the molding entirely around the church and then went downward, knocking out a window and passing between the baseboard and wall into the ground. The building was set on fire by the stroke, but the heavy rain that was falling at the time soon extinguished the flames.

—Grand Detour was quite excited one day recently over the reported theft of \$500. Mine Host Sheffield had been in Oregon that day and brought home with him that amount of money which he handed to his wife to take care of, and she, being called to the office, laid it in the register and closed the book. Soon after her household duties called her away, and she thought nothing more of the money. Not long after Mr. Sheffield found the money missing. It appears that a Freeport cigar dealer, formerly of Oregon, had been there and registered, but upon inquiry he denied having seen the roll, and to establish his innocence told them to search him and his wagon. A thorough, but fruitless search of both was made and they had just given up when Mark Sheffield discovered a secret place in the front of the wagon and putting his hand in drew out the money. After being caught the man said he took it for a joke and requested that nothing be said about it. He was allowed to go free but if he ever returns to Grand Detour he will be very closely watched.

An Apology or Arrest.

A question of urbanity in all its esthetic phases struck our usually urbane community with all the force of a sixteen to one proposition in a Democratic convention, and seems now to be quite as far from settlement as any matter political. The young ladies who, in an impractical (as appears) jokingly sort of a way jumped into a carriage, the horses attached thereto having been hitched a few minutes previous on the street side by a young lady chum, and drove the team about town a space of fifteen minutes, more or less, were requested by the owner of the carriage, in a special note, sent by an officer of the law, to apologize or suffer the consequences of the law.

Now the question arises with the girls: Would it be proper to apologize, on a compulsion? While some frightened girls are ready to apologize, or were, all are in a lofty sort of "high dudgeon," so to speak, on account of the ungracious manner of the request; coming as it did through an officer of the law department. Any modest girl would under any ordinary circumstances apologize rather than suffer arrest, but now the mothers have taken umbrage and also taken charge of the affair and proclaimed a sort of ultimatum that would lead to the supposition that their children should be recognized as belligerents, and the final outcome is a matter of considerable doubt. "If reasons were as plency as blackberries," was the position taken by the noted Sir John Fallstaff, after that fight and robbery of the robbers at Gad's Hill, "I would not give reasons on compulsion." And this argument to Prince Hal stands as a proper precedent, the ladies believe, we may presume, for their refusal to apologize under a threat of arrest. Then, further, more, is a question as to the value of an apology under compulsion, and many other matters will come up before this affair is finally settled.

However, as the TELEGRAPH has not been retained on either side in this affair perhaps we had better permit the lawyers to argue the case when the courts hold it in their clutches, as now appears in to be a fair sort of prospect of the outcome. The reports that papers had been served and the girls arrested is not true. We learn that a truce has been granted until Monday, in order to give the girls an opportunity to "call at the Captain's office and settle."

He Saved the Woman.

When a lawyer undertakes the Good Samaritan act he generally "puts his foot in it." Judge Farrand's heart, however, is so tender that he can't help it. As he was driving last night in West Dixon he found a dead woman, well dressed and in appearance respectable, near the sidewalk. He stopped his carriage lifted her in to take her to the morgue, but found that she was only dead drunk. Then he recognized her as a client of a lawyer friend at Amboy and she roused up sufficiently to say that she desired to go to the Duffy House. When he got there Mrs. Duffy refused to take her in and then the Judge had an elephant on his hands. Instead of sobering up, the Judge's companion became as limp as a rag doll. She lopped over on his shoulders. He drove up town to find the Marshal to dispose of his charge and on his way seemed to meet every man, woman and child in the city with whom he had ever had a speaking acquaintance. The men all spoke to him: asked about his health, and his family, and where he had been, and where he was going, and when he expected to get back, and how long he intended to stay, and some wanted to stop and talk with him on important business; but Judge was as much in a hurry as he could be with a companion in the buggy sloshing around from one side to the other and apparently determined to drive over the dash board.

She came up from Amboy for the purpose of making application for a divorce from her husband on account of drunkenness. She is evidently correct in that. Her drunks should be sufficient for one family.

A Sad Anniversary.

Next Monday, May 4th, will be the twenty-third anniversary of the saddest day in the history of Dixon—the day when the breaking of the Trusdell iron bridge precipitated into the river about two hundred men, women and children. These had assembled to witness the ordinance of baptism administered just west of the north end of the bridge. Thirty-seven persons were drowned or killed by the falling ironwork; five others were mortally injured, and forty-seven more or less seriously hurt. The blow struck nearly every family living in Dixon at that time, and caused a shadow of gloom to hover over the city for many a year.

She Asks a Divorce.

Alice Cropsey has commenced suit in the city court against her husband, Edwin Cropsey, charging him with cruelty and drunkenness. The papers were served this morning by Deputy Sheriff Powers.—Elgin Daily Courier.

Send Flowers to the Hospitals.

This spring the woods and the fields are full of wild flowers, in vastly greater profusion than usual and much earlier. The hospitals of Chicago are full of little wilted blossoms—human blossoms—wasted by sickness and crippled by disease; little children, and children of a larger growth, who are denied the pleasure of roaming the fields and the woods; to whom the privilege of gathering the floral beauties of nature would be an ecstatic joy. A handful of violets and blue-bells and stooting stars to these invalids (old or young) would come like a ray of healing sunlight—a breath of life-breathing balm. A single blossom is sometimes endowed with power to lift a saddened soul—imprisoned in a sick body—out of its depressing surroundings and give to it renewed hope and fill the mind with pleasant thoughts so necessary sometimes to complete recovery. In our beautiful city, (surrounded by such a profusion of Spring's lovely children of the woods and fields) there are hundreds of healthy, happy children. Our Sunday-schools, church guilds, juvenile Endeavor societies, are full of them. Many of them are bubbling over with energy, which because it cannot find vent in useful effort too often expends itself in mischief.

Now let us put all these thoughts together in this shape: Would it not be a good thing for these children to organize themselves into bands of "Hospital Helpers," and after school hours, find healthful exercise combined with pleasure to themselves, and give comfort and joy to their less fortunate "city cousins" in hospital wards, by gathering and sending to them some of the wild blossoms whose loveliness is wasted in the ravines and on the hill-sides. They could be carefully packed in damp paper (older persons will teach the children how to do it) placed in boxes and addressed to any hospital in Chicago, and the Express Company will take such packages to their destination free of charge. Let the young people of Dixon act at once upon these suggestions and the blessing will be two-fold; it will not only give joy and gladness to the suffering; but the reflex influence from the practical outgrowth of such thoughtful sympathy will enable their own characters and its contained exercise will beautify their whole after life.

Entertainment for the Hospital.

Invitations are out for the second annual May party to be given by the employees of A. Reed & Son's Piano Company at Rosbrook's Hall, Friday evening, May 15. The tickets will cost each gentleman attendant seventy-five cents, and after deducting expenses the money left over will be donated to the Dixon Hospital fund. The entertainment committee is composed of: Edwin Alwens, Edward Evans, Michael O'Dea, Harry Kinzly, Edward Netzeland; Thomas Kevan secretary and Thomas Howland treasurer. The delightful entertainment given a year ago by these young men is not forgotten and the affair this year will be well attended.

Church Announcements.

ST. LUKES.
St. Lukes: Fourth Sunday after Easter. At 10:45 a. m. the Litany, Holy Communion and Sermon. Sunday school at 12. Evening prayer and address at 5 p. m. Topic of Sermon at morning service, "Some Thoughts regarding Politics."

PRESBYTERIAN.
Rev. A. R. Bickenbach, Pastor. Church services 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Y. P. S. C. E. 6:30. Jr. C. E. on Wednesdays, 4:15 p. m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday, at 7:30 p. m. A cordial welcome for all.

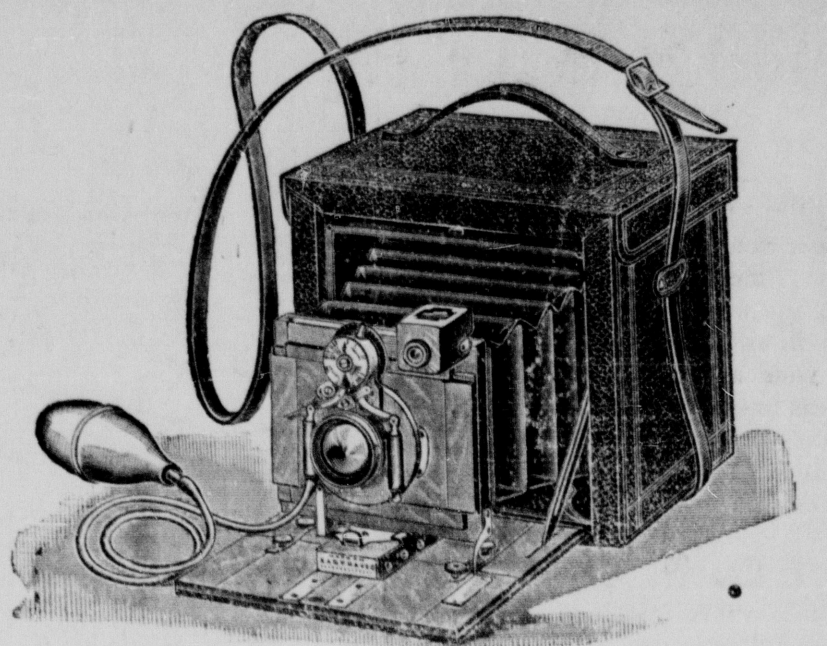
Rev. A. R. Bickenbach will conduct service at Palmyra Sunday, May 3rd at 3 p. m.

UNIVERSALIST.
"Paul and James on Faith and Works." is the subject at the Universalist church tomorrow morning. Evening, "Saved as by Fire." The Young People's exercises will be conducted by Dr. Robbins. Subject, "The Use of Life." All invited.

ST. PAULS LUTHERAN.
T. F. Dornblaser, Pastor. Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Evening subject, "Sparks that kindle a great Fire." Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m. All welcome.

METHODIST.
Quarterly meeting service at the Methodist church Sunday. Lovefeast at 9:30 p. m. Preaching by the pastor followed by communion, 10:30. Dr. Clark preaches at 7:30 p. m. The Quarterly Conference will be held Monday evening at 7 o'clock sharp.
Rev. A. C. Clark, the Presiding Elder, will preach at the Methodist church Sunday evening.

—"Did yer hear av the strike av the walkin' diligates?"
—"O! did not. For what have they struck?"
—"Agin' walkin'. They demands their boysickles to make their boycotting aiser."—The Wheel.



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Chas. G. Smith,
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THE FAIR STORE,
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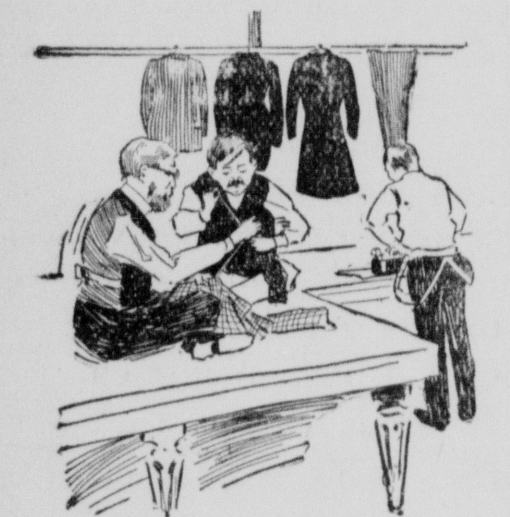
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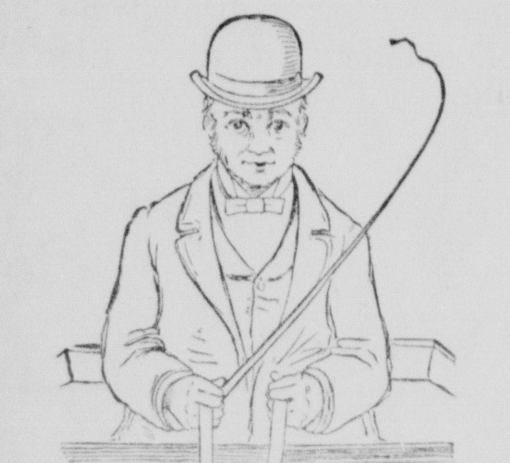
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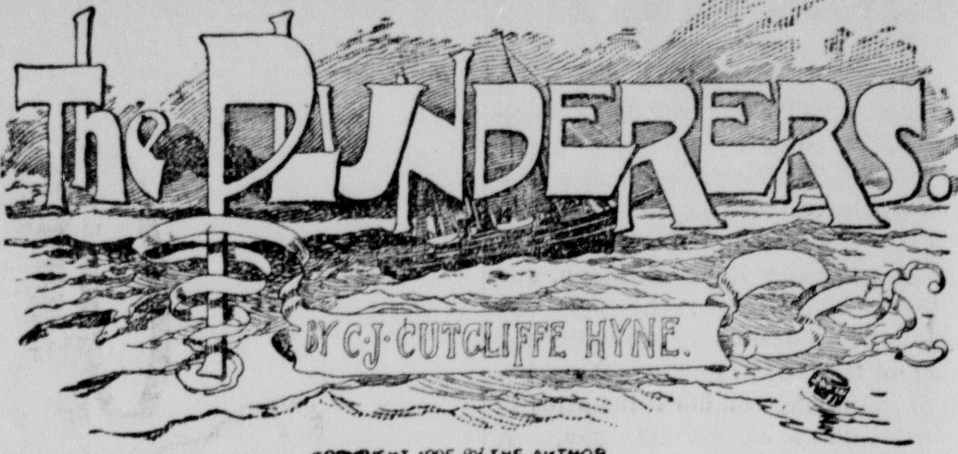
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Synopsis of the Story up to Date.

CHAPTER I—Amy Rivers, the ward of Theodore Shelf, a hypocrite, is engaged to Hamilton Fairfax. II—Shelf proposes a piratical scheme to Patrick Cambel, Shelf being under the malign influence of Mrs. Shelf. III, IV, V and VI—The scheme is to ship gold to New Orleans, overinsuring it and wrecking it. Shelf and Cambel employ Captain Owen Kettle to command the steamer the Port Edes, and to carry out the plan. Cambel sails in the steamer. VII—As the Port Edes, laden with the boxes, leaves the dock a man on shore declares that she is doomed.

CHAPTER VIII.
GROUND BAIT.
For reasons the Port Edes took the "north about" course—that is, she headed across south of the banks of Newfoundland nearly to Cape Hatteras and then braved the three knot current of the gulf stream by passing down the Florida channel on the western side of the Bahamas. They had carried good weather with them—light head breezes or calms—all the way, and although coals were dear, owing to a strike, and the day's outlay was limited to 28 tons by order, the steamer usually averaged 10½ knots despite the unskillfulness of the engine room staff.

In a canvas chair on the bridge deck under the lee of the fiddle sat Patrick Cambel, with a pipe between his teeth and Pierre Loti's "Fantome d'Orient" in his lap. He was distinctly idling. For the moment he was wondering how, from so transparently blue sea, the spray which jumped from the wave crests could be colorless and opaque. Then by following with the eye a tangle of yellow gulf weed which floated past his attention was carried away to some little gray spouts of fog which told of whales and their calves taking a summer outing in the milk warm waters of the south. Beyond his eye fell upon one of the screw pile lighthouses which the United States government has fringed the Florida shoal, and on the far horizon spouted the wind thrashed tops of some scattered cabbage palms, which told that there at least the shallow sea was no more. At the back of these palms lay the mysterious shelter of the Everglades.

A thought passed through Patrick Cambel's mind, a thought of the drama to be played under shelter of those recesses within the next few days, and he frowned. He thrust the thought from him as an impertinence and turned again to his novel. But he was destined just then to read no more from that dainty vignette of Stamboul. Through the grating of the fiddle above his head came a frightened shout, then a chorus, then a prolonged clattering as iron tools were thrown on the floor plates and the boots of scared men smote the rungs of the ladders.

Cambel gave a quick smile to himself, as though he understood something, then mounted a look of concern on his face, and getting up from his chair crossed to port and strode up to the break of the bridge deck. The captain, coming out of the chart-house, joined him. From the door of the alleyway beneath them rushed a



"Do you ever read poetry?"

crowd of frightened men—trimmers, stokers, stripped to the waist; engineers in dungaree, all the human contents of the lowest hold. Kettle singled out the chief with his eye and addressed him with sour irony.

"Afternoon, Mr. McFee. Fine, isn't it, for the time of year? Have your curs forgotten they're paid to work this steamboat up Mississippi river to a city called New Orleans, or have they induced the other watch to go below and give them a spell?"

"Gulf God, sir, dinna jest!" replied the chief. "Ye remember what you scoundrel said on Liverpool dock wall? Weel, he's been as glib as his words, sir. We've found an infernal machine already!"

"Well?" drawled Kettle.

"Man, we may be blown to the sea floor any minute."

"Sea whisky! Sea grandmother!"

"Man, sir, see with your own een. By God's gulf mercy the donkeyman picked it from among the coals, or we'd be with him this moment—or with the devil."

"Hand it up here," the skipper commanded shortly.

The burly donkeyman, half grinning, half afraid, came up the iron steps and handed the captain a box painted to look like a knob of coal. "It was ticking when I picked it up, sir," he said, "but when I handled it the ticking stopped."

The captain took the thing in his hand. It started on a fresh cluck, cluck, and the grimy men on the iron decks below humped their shoulders as though to better receive a blow and began to shuffle away toward the bows. "Oh, it may be something dangerous," said Captain Kettle and hove his burden over the side, "or it mayn't. Looked to me like a toy to frighten flats. There's only one man with the pluck of a roach among you, and here's half a crown for him."

The donkeyman's black forefinger knuckled his greasy cap.

"As for the rest, your mothers must have suckled you on pigeon's milk and then sent you to a girls' school to dry nurse. You pack of beauties! Oh, you white trived bobby hunted gems! If the thing was found—well, found it was, and the donkeyman brought it on deck. What do you want to foul the clean air for with your foul, stinking carcasses before your watch was out? I'll log every man of you for this—yes, Mr. McFee and Mr. Second and Mr. Third, I'll dirty your tickets for you as well, or if you give me another ounce of bother I'll take care you none of you ever get another berth so long as the universe holds water to carry shipping. You cowardly hounds! Oh, you trust me!"

The men slunk back into the alleyway again out of shot of the skipper's tongue, and the engineers, plucking up courage first, led the way below. Some one clattered a shovel on a firebar. Instinct made the trimmers obey the signal, and they went to the bunkers. The firemen followed, and the steam gauge remounted before it had received any appreciable check. It was all an affair of five minutes.

Kettle passed a forefinger round the inside of his shirt collar and strolled across with Cambel to where the deck chairs straddled in the shade.

"They're a holy crew, aren't they?" said the master of the Port Edes.

"I think they're what we want. We should be rather out of it with a plucky lot who insisted on standing by us at a pinch."

"Oh, don't you make any error about that," replied Kettle. "They'd have been shaky anyway, but this bogus clockwork devil of yours fixes them to a nicety. It'll be every Jack for himself when the scare comes, and Davy Jones take the steamer and the others. Oh, they'll run like a warren of rabbits. The brutes!"

Kettle broke off abruptly and stared moodily over the gulf stream. A flying fish got out of the blue water and ran across the ripples like a silver rat. A school of porpoises snorted leisurely up from astern and passed the steamer as though she had been at anchor. And the tangles of gulf weed floated past like reefs of tawny coral.

"Do you ever read poetry?" the skipper suddenly asked.

Cambel slowed round his head and stared. The idea of this vinegar mouthed little savage talking of poetry very nearly made him break into wild laughter. With an effort he steeled his face and said quietly, "Sometimes."

"I'm glad of that. Somehow I hadn't dared ask you before, but now I know, Mr. Cambel, I like you all the better. It gives us something in common we can talk about without being ashamed." We can't very well discuss the other matter which binds us together and respect ourselves at the same time."

"Quite right. You and I, captain, are shouldered to common privacy by the force of circumstances, but I always kick myself when I think about it. There's no glamour of romance about our intended villainy or the way it's being led up to."

"Not a bit. Byron wrote about piracy, but Byron was no seaman, and he didn't know what hazing a crew meant. A thief's a dirty scoundrel all the world over and always has been, and a sea thief, having the scum of the earth to handle, has to make himself the crudest brute on earth if he wants to succeed. I think it's that which put me out of liking with Byron and all those poets who've written about movement at sea. They give a wrong idea of men's motives and actions, and when they get talking on ship they're that inaccurate and absurd they make one tired. No, Mr. Cambel, give me a land poet, who talks about farms and primroses and tinkling brooks and things he understands, and with that man I can sit through two watches on end. Reading him may make me feel low, but it doesn't do a man harm to be that way sometimes. You see, Mr. Cambel, a scuffle or a row with a mutinous crew is just meat and drink to me. Yes, sir, that's the kind of brute I am."

They chatted and basked during the rest of the afternoon, while the two mates off watch grumbled and smoked and slept in the stuffy fore-castle. The cabin tea came. Kettle at the head of the table preserved a sour silence, and Cambel and the mates among them a strained civility. And then skipper and supernumerary officer returned to their canvas chairs beside the fiddle on the bridge deck.

The gulf stream rippled over the steamer's wake astern, and the small wavelets of a calm licked the yellow rust stains which patched her sweeping flank. Before them the narrow sea was the color of a dull blue roofing slate. The bright hot day had faded, the brilliant cobalt had filtered away from overhead, and a silver nail paring of moon peered from a sky of amorphous violet, still lighted in its higher flats by the sun's afterglow. On the horizon line was what at first appeared to be a steamer's smoke, but what the glass showed to be the reek of a fire on the invisible low lying Florida coast. No blaze glow could be seen. It might be a fisher's campfire on an outlying key; it might be a game drive of Seminole Indians beyond the explored coast fringe, in that unknown tangle of trees and grasses and lagoons, the Everglades themselves.

"It's worth living, Mr. Cambel, times like these," said Kettle when they had sat there in silence till the warm night had spread all over and the white stars were beginning to show in multitudes through its gaps.

The other nodded, sucking at his cold pipe.

"None of those poets have ever put all this down on paper. They've got parts, bits, but not all. I fancy it is because they haven't seen the thing for themselves. I've tried myself, but I haven't made much account of it."

"What—you—you're a poet?" rapped out Cambel.

"I knock off a bit of verse occasionally," said the skipper complacently, "when I'm in the mood, that is. It generally comes times like this, when I've been beat twisting the hands and have a spell of a rest and a think afterward."

"I see. The outcome of vivid contrast," said Cambel. He imagined to himself that these boasted poems would be of the "heroic" order to the verge of melodrama. As

it happened, he could not conveniently have made a worse guess. Kettle tugged from his pocket a doubled up exercise book reddened slightly under the tan and handed it across. His companion flattened out the crease, and in the light which came from a chartroom port dipped into the manuscript verses for himself. To his astonishment they were one and all sonnets and ballads which might well have been written by a sentimental school-girl. They breathed of love and devotion and premature fading away, and at least three gushing adjectives qualified each tender noun.

There was no word about the sea on which their author had spent his life or of the things of the sea with which he had had all his dealings. He knew about these as few men did, but they seemed common to him and unclean. Consequently he had delivered himself to an ode of that spring which he had never witnessed ashore and love songs to ladies he had never met outside the covers of cheap fiction. It was all imagination, and untutored, uninspired imagination at that.

As a result, Cambel found the poems too killingly funny for words and was consumed with a wild desire for laughter, but that red bearded little savage, their maker, glaring anxiously at him from the opposite shadow, he dare not let so much as the tail of a smile dance from the corner of his mouth. He had to enjoy and endure in silence, and with the exercise book thrust out to the yellow light, then he read on through the stanzas diligently.

In one, evidently autobiographical, the writer spoke of himself as a "timid, frail gazelle," in another he addressed his remarks from the mouthpiece of a "coy and cooing turtle dove" to a "sylphlike maiden of haughty mien" who at the time of narration was the "bewitching, entrancing, unparalleled queen" of another gentleman's hearth. An "Ode to Excellence" which commenced "Hairy Alfred, brother bard," was evidently directed at a contemporary, but the past was cared for in "Cleopatra, a Lament," which a footnote stated could be sung to the tune of "Greenland's Icy Mountains." Probably as a collection Captain Kettle's was unique in its clumsy, maudlin sentiment and its general unexpectancy.

Meanwhile the author was fidgeting nervously. He had not got over that initial nervousness which publication gives. He hungered for a criticism—favorable if possible. At last he made bold to ask for it.

"You're a wonderful man, Kettle," returned his companion, quite meaning what he said, "and unless I had seen those verses for myself I'd never have believed you capable of producing them, no matter what had been told me about your powers."

The poet gave a sigh of relief, and was going to pursue the subject further when something fell upon his ear which turned his thoughts into a very different key.

"By James, there's the engine stopped. What's up now, I wonder?"

He jumped to his feet and stood with neck craned out, listening. The ring of heavy boots made itself heard on the engine room ladders. Then there was a murmur of voices and a pattering of foot steps from the fore-castle, and presently a steady stream of men began to ascend the bridge deck ladders. Among the growing babel of voices came references to the gold, "Half a million yellow sovereigns, boys!" and threats there was no mistaking. "Tench the old man manners or put him over the side."

By an evident previous arrangement the men were massing themselves on the port side of the bridge deck.

"Mutiny, by James, that's what this means!" commented Captain Kettle in an undertone. He was cool as ice and on the moment had decided how to act. "Now, Mr. Cambel, slip into the chartroom for your pistol. I have mine in my pocket. It's a two against the lot of 'em, and we'll finish out top side. Oh, don't you make any error. It'll be a red night's work for those dogs. But we'll rub the fear of death into them before we've done this time—into those that are left, that is. Get your pistol, quick, sir, and skin your eye for handy shooting."

CHAPTER IX.
MUTINY.
Patrick Cambel came out of the chartroom with all the armament he could lay hands upon—to wit, three revolvers. He gave one to the captain and put the others in his own jacket pocket, so that they had a brace apiece. From the other side of the bridge deck the clamor of the men rose high into the night, and the steamer's fore engine had stopped, the quartermaster had deserted the wheel, and the gulf stream was taking her as simple flotsam whither it listed.

There was no starboard ladder to the upper bridge, but Kettle swung himself lightly up by a funnel stay and a stanchion and climbed over the canvas dodger. Cambel followed as nimbly. The mate of the watch received them with a frightened sidelong glance, but no words, and then he vanished into the darkness.

Captain Owen Kettle stumped cheerfully across to the port side of the bridge and looked down. Beneath him, massed and moving, was apparently every man of his crew. The electric lamp from inside the head of the companionway blazed full up on them, dazzling some of the group and blinding the others with dense black shadow. With folded arms he looked down on them for a full minute with a silent sneering laugh till the upturned faces which had been quiet in expectation began to grow clamorous again. Then he waved them to noiselessness and spoke.

The men's words were not conciliatory. He addressed his hearers as dogs and wished to know in the name of the pit why they had dared to leave their duties and their kennel and come to sully his bridge deck. The harangue was brief and beautifully to the point. An ordinary seaman stood out into the middle of the circle of light and made reply.

"You galls us togs, and you treat us as togs, and we're not going to schand't it no longer. Dis grew temants its rechte."

"Hello," said Kettle, "got a blooming Dutchman to speak for you! Well, you must be a hard up crowd. See here, now, if you do want to talk, have your say and be done with it. English is the official language on this ship. Understand that and don't waste my time."

The German seemed inclined to bluster and hold his ground, but he had no backers. "I told you how it would be if we put the Dutchman up," said one. "Why, I can't hardly understand the beggar myself," said another.

"If you're undecided," suggested Captain Kettle, "you've got a nigger among you. Why not set him on to talk? If you were men, I wouldn't say it, but as it is he's as much a man as any of you, and perhaps he'll throw in a sand dance to enliven proceedings."

The negro from somewhere on the outskirts of the crowd broke into a loud guffaw till some one kicked him on the shins

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and sent him away yelping amimuenno into the farther darkness. An angry growl went up from the white men at the taunt, and one of them, a whiskered quartermaster in a cardigan jacket, stepped out and spat into the circle of light. He looked round to catch the encouraging glances of his mates and then lifted up his face toward the upper bridge.

"See here, Captain Kettle, you'd better not try us too far. This isn't a slave ship you're commanding. It's an ordinary, common, low down British tramp, and the law looks after the deckhands and all the rest of us."

"Now, that's fair speaking," said Kettle. "I've a profound respect for the merchant shipping act and all the rest of the laws. My lad, if you fancy you've anything to complain of, a sea lawyer like you must know the remedy. Get your witnesses and go with them before the British consul in New Orleans."

"A fat lot of good that would do," retorted the man. "What consul ever believed an old sailor against the skipper? No, sir, we'd only get penitentiary for our pains. Besides, what we want—and what we intend to have—is an alteration in things, beginning now."

"Ah, I see! And what would you like? Shall I have a hold cleared out and fit up with four posh beds for you to make a drawing room off? Shall I order my steward to hand it a pop round to the gentlemen who are heaving coals in the stokehold? Come, now, out with it!"

The little captain was deliberately irritating the men, and Cambel marveled at his recklessness. Once let an outbreak start, and he and Kettle stood not one chance in a million of living through it. But Kettle knew his game and was playing it well.

Only one man laughed, and his laugh closed up again in a moment like the snap of a watch. Some scowled; a few swore; the quartermaster in the cardigan jacket alone remained unmoved. Of Kettle's outrageous rillery he took no notice whatever, but continued his plaint in a solid monotone, as though he had been reading it from a book.

"In the first instance, it's the grub we complain of, particularly the sugar. It ain't sugar at all. It's just a slum of molasses."

"That," said Kettle, "is due to your own laziness. The bottom of a sugar barrel's always that way unless you turn it end for end every day or so. The molasses'd settle through the queen's sugar at Windsor and spoil half of it unless the barrel was looked to. So that knocks in the head your first complaint. By James," he continued, with a first show of fury, "is it for this you dogs have turned yourselves into a howling pack of mutineers and let my ship drift like a hencoop toward Newfoundland?"

The quartermaster was obviously disconcerted by the attack, so much so, in fact, that he missed the next few counts of his indictment and came at once to the main head, which he had hoped to lead up to more gently. "It's a rise of wages that we insist on principally," he said. "We take it we've been signed on for this run to New Orleans under false pretenses. Nothing was said about the sort of cargo we was to carry, which naturally incites them anarchist chaps to violence. We're suffering undue risks. There's been one devil machine found already, and as like as not there is others besides. The blooming ole tramp may go up any minute, and because we're standing that risk we say we ought to be paid according. The cargo can stand the pull, and if you aren't willing the hands here has made up their minds to broach it for themselves."

"You great fools!" cried Kettle, "This isn't an ordinary cargo that you can help yourselves out of and let the underwriters stand treat. You bet the tallyman won't wink at any yarn about damaged in transit over the stuff we're bringing them. If there's so much as a miserable half sovereign missing, the whole crowd here, cook and captain's dog, stay in a New Orleans calaboose till it's found and then come out with their tickets dirtied. Oh, you one eyed, mutton headed fools!"

Cambel stared at him curiously. His truculent tone had left him completely. His hands had quitted the pistol butts and were gripped on the bridge rail. His elbows were beating nervously against his ribs.

From some mouth in the blacker shadow came a deep, derisive laugh. Then a voice, presumably from the laugher, said: "Who wants to go to New Orleans? Who wants to go nearer than the next key or reef or sand bank or whatever it may be? Let's pile up the blazing old tramp on that and then boat cruise across to Cuba. There's nice snug bays in Cuba where the guarda costas don't ask questions. Or if they did, a bit of yellow ballast out of the boats would stop their jaw quick enough."

The voice laughed again and ceased.

"Who spoke there?" Captain Kettle demanded.

Out rolled into the bright circle the massive body of the donkeyman.

"You!"

The donkeyman knuckled his greasy cap in assent, but added that he was no mutineer. "I'm your man, captain," he said, "but I'd be pleased to help ye carrying out the crew's wishes than going agin them. Ye'll be dealt by honestly, captain—liberally, yes, better than ye ever have been in this world yet or ever will be again. It's a chance that won't come of six years of Sundays—an—the steamer will be lost at say. Blowed to rivets an' old iron by a conspirator's bomb. It's a most natural ending for her."

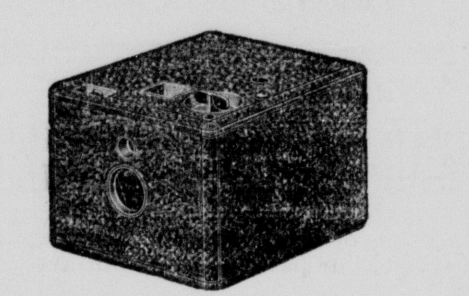
Kettle stared at the donkeyman with his mouth agape and the eyes standing out of his head. His face was thrust out at full neck length; his fingers beat a vague tattoo on the white iron rail of the bridge.

Then the crew's original spokesman lifted up his unlucky voice for the second time: "Ach, friends, we're vasing min-

(Continued on page 7.)

THE Baby Hawk-Eye

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(Continued from page 6.)

utes. We had made up our minds. Why should we not go and tinkle our cold without further potter? Good ole man, du bist geriching, you'll come and sgramble for share like ter rest of us, von't you?"

Slowly Captain Kettle stiffened. His eyes lost their stare and glinted unpleasant fire in their more proper orbits; his lower jaw closed up with a snap; his fists slid to his jacket pockets and gripped there.

"You painted Dutchman!" The words came snarled through clenched teeth. The crew rustled uneasily.

"Do I live to hear a set of dogs like you dictating to me? Does any man here think he's going to have an inch of his own way aboard of me?"

"Come, Captain Kettle," said the quartermaster who had talked before, "don't be unreasonable. The Dutchman means well, though he didn't put it Bristol fashion. And besides we've made up our minds to share in that gold, and you'd better chip in and share, too, without a dust. It'll be a deal comfortable for all hands, and besides it's got to be done anyway. We're all determined, and we're too many for you, even if Mr. Cambel does stand in on your side."

Kettle's face lit up with the joy of battle. "Are you, by James?" he snapped. "We'll see about that. I'd handle twice your number to my own cheek any day. I've done it before on a dashed sight uglier lot than you and came out topside, and I'm going to do it again now. Mr. Cambel's with me, too, this time, and we've got 20 bullets among us that'll all go home in somebody's ribs before any of you get at hand grips with us. Now, just play on that, you scum. There's not a one of you got a pistol."

"Oh, haven't we?" commented a nasal voice on the outskirts of the crowd. "I guess you're out there, mister. I'm heeled for one."

"Crack!" The man shrieked and fell in a limp heap on the deck. His weapon clattered down beside him. Kettle kept his smoking pistol muzzle raised steady as an iron wrist could hold it.

The others instinctively drew at first away from the fallen man, but one ordinary seaman, younger and more plucky than the rest, dared forward to crouch over the fallen revolver. As his fingers closed over it his eyes instinctively sought the bridge. Cambel had his revolver sighted over the crook of an elbow, Kettle his at arm's length. Both were covering him.

"Fling that thing overboard, or you'll be dead before you can wink!" The crew's only revolver spun through the air and hit the water with a tinkling splash.

"Now, stand forward, the two fools who have been your spokesmen." The crowd stood like men petrified.

"Quick, or I'll make practice into the brown of you!" The quartermaster in the cardigan jacket stepped out of his own accord, undulant now and white. The German was hustled to his side.

"Have you got a coin, quartermaster?" "No, sir."

"Have you—sausage?" "Yes, herr."

"Then spin it out, and do you, quartermaster, call to him. And mind you call right, because I'm going to shoot the loser, and perhaps you're the least useless of the two. Spin, confound you. Spin, sausage, or, by James, I'll shoot you where you stand and settle it that way."

The German put something between his dishd palms and shook it violently, then clinched one hand and thrust it out into



The man shrieked and fell in a limp heap, the full blaze of the lamp light. The quartermaster cried heads. The other unwrapped his grimy fingers with slow jerks and showed. The coin was a halfpenny, Britannia uppermost. The quartermaster buttoned his cardigan jacket and drew himself up to face the upper bridge.

"Hold up your hand!"

It shot up to the full length, fingers splayed out. Then, crack! and a bullet ripped through the middle of the palm. The fellow let out a short yelp of surprise and clapped the wounded member tightly under his armpit. The men around him, utterly cowed, stood in frozen silence, and Captain Owen Kettle, from the bridge, waved slow patterns over them with a revolver muzzle. Then he cracked both weapons into his jacket pockets again and gave orders sharply and with crispness.

"Watch below, get forward and turn in. Watch on duty, go to your posts. Quartermaster of the watch, tumble up here. Southwest and by sou'."

A quartermaster ran briskly up the bridge ladder.

"S'west and by sou', it is, sir," he replied. It was the only comment any one of the crew made to Captain Kettle on his method.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Possible Explanation.

Why was St. Andrew selected to be the patron saint of Scotland? This question has exercised clerical and lay curiosity, but has not been satisfactorily answered unless the explanation offered by the archdeacon of Calcutta at a dinner which he attended on St. Andrew's day be confirmed as final. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have given this difficult subject my thoughtful consideration, and I have come to the conclusion that St. Andrew was chosen to be the patron saint of Scotland because he discovered the lad who had the loaves and fishes!"—London Telegraph.

THE SMILE ON OUR BABY'S FACE.

God's angel was hidden to make her fair, So he wove the sunshine into her hair. He took of the midnoon's cloudless skies And fashioned therefrom her two blue eyes. He washed her white with the sinless snows And painted her cheeks with the dawn's faint rose.

He dimpled her tiny hands and feet, He made her sunny and soft and sweet, He molded her round white limbs with art, He got her from heaven a pure child heart; Then he kissed her lips and her brow and eyes And brought her, sleeping, from paradise. Such virtue lies in those kisses three, That, how so weary at heart as we, The look and the smile on our baby's face Bring rest and comfort and endless grace.

—Bessie Gray in Good Housekeeping.

A GHOST COMMUTER.

The wind drove the hail and sleet violently against the car windows, and what with its melancholy howling, accompanying the incessant rattle of the panes, I could hardly hear the shrieks of the locomotive's whistle as the train plunged through the dense darkness. It was a hard night to travel, and I did not wonder that the car was empty save for the man who had just seated himself beside me. Such being the case, however, I could not but feel surprised that this single other passenger should have crowded into my seat when he might have had a whole one to himself. I cannot say that I was indignant, for though he forced me to move toward the drafty window he was company, and I had felt lonely from the very beginning of the forlorn trip on the midnight express. Then, too, he was such a mild, harmless looking fellow.

I glanced toward him, intending to open the conversation, when my eye fell upon the time table in which he was deeply engrossed. It was a thumb worn piece of paper, and no wonder, for across the top I read in big black type, "To go into effect on April 1, 1884."

It seemed strange that a man should consult a train schedule 11 years old. My curiosity was aroused, and I drew my own time table from my pocket and held it toward him.

"Pardon me, sir, but perhaps this will be of more use to you. Where are you going?"

"Thank you," he replied sadly, "but you cannot help me. I would that you could, though. You see, I am bound for Tutherford, but it seems that I will never get there."

"Tutherford!" I exclaimed. "Why, you are on the wrong train!"

I knew this place well as one of the prettiest little suburban villages on the line of the New York, Lackahudson and Western, but I also was aware that this train never stopped there and that we had long since passed it.

"That is just the devil of it," replied my companion vigorously. A melancholy smile passed over his pale face, and then he added: "I've been getting on the wrong train for 11 years. But excuse me, sir, you are sitting on my beefsteak."

Curiosity now gave place to astonishment. My first impulse was to believe that I had a madman for a companion, but his every look belied such an idea. Every detail of his clothing denoted extreme neatness and self respect. He was a small, slender man, with a slightly bald head and clean shaven face. At his feet were two large, neatly done up bundles; at his side and partly under me was a third parcel, wrapped in brown paper, which I had no reason to believe contained meat.

"A thousand pardons," I said, rising so that he could, rescue his steak from destruction. "I am afraid that I have ruined it. I was not aware that I was sitting on anything."

"No wonder," he replied quietly. "No human being could feel that steak. And as for injuring it, I purchased it 11 years ago and have been trying to get it home to Tutherford ever since. To make things plain, that is a phantom beefsteak."

I broke out into a hearty laugh and exclaimed: "You are either considerable of a wag, sir, or else an idiot."

My fellow traveler drew himself up and cried hotly: "Do you know whom you are addressing? I am the late R. G. Jones, sir, for many years a leading citizen of Tutherford."

"The late R. G. Jones of Tutherford!" I retorted, and then I made a motion to give him a little jovial dig in the ribs, but to my horror my hand went right through him and struck the arm of the seat on his other side. He smiled. I drew back in amazement.

I will not attempt to depict my sensations. Wonder gave way to utter astonishment, astonishment to horror, horror to fright. But this last emotion passed, for I knew that there was no escape. I could not leave the car, and then the very appearance of the ghost was so peaceable and respectable that a sense of security came to me. Reason prevailed, and I soon found myself traveling on the best of terms with my strange companion.

"I see you travel on a pass, Mr. Dockboy," said the late R. G. Jones after our relationship had assumed a state of mutual confidence. "That is why I made myself known to you. I suppose you have a pull on this road."

"My fourth cousin is the wife of the president of the New York, Lackahudson and Western," I replied proudly, for I was not a little vain about this relationship.

"That is good news for me," began the late R. G. Jones. "You see, Mr. Dockboy, I have long needed a friend with some influence on the road, for I want to have this train stopped at Tutherford just once."

"What!" I cried.

"Yes, stopped at Tutherford," he continued. "I do not wonder at your surprise, but then you will not be much astonished when you know my reasons. I have told you my late name, and perhaps it will interest you to hear that for many years I was an alderman in Tutherford—a place of no mean importance. My business was in New York. Every morning for ten years I left my house promptly at 8:22, reached the station at

8:30 and took the 8:31 for town. At just 5:13 o'clock in the evening I reached the Jersey City station and boarded the train for home. It so happened that for the last five years of my life I always got on the third car from the engine and took the third seat from the rear. It became a habit with me. I was known and respected on the road, and there was a tacit understanding among the other commuters that that place should always be reserved for me. This is the same car, No. 335, and the very same seat."

"And you are haunting it?" I asked, for the light was beginning to break. "Temporarily and accidentally," replied the late R. G. Jones. "When I can get this train stopped at Tutherford, I will get off and go back to my old home. Don't you remember seeing in the papers about ten years ago how R. G. Jones, a prominent citizen of Tutherford, succumbed to an attack of heart failure brought on by overexertion while trying to catch the 5:13?"

"Oh, yes, I recall that well. A very sad case, indeed." Of course I didn't, but that didn't matter.

The late R. G. Jones looked grateful. "That was when I became a ghost," he said. "A few days later I received my orders to proceed to Tutherford and haunt my old home. There have always been strange and confused ideas existing about ghosts. These impressions, that we do everything in a biggley piggle way are all erroneous—decidedly erroneous. I couldn't go sailing back home in any way but an orderly one—by train, just as I did when I was not late. And, moreover, custom required that I should travel on car No. 335, third seat from the rear, as I had done day in and day out for years. So I went to the station with my phantom umbrella, bundles and beefsteak. Promptly at 5:12 I got off the ferry, stopped at the newsstand which is run for the phantom commuters and purchased a sporting extra of a phantom evening paper, repaired to the train shed and got on this car, No. 335, and took this very seat. But the train did not start as usual. It was midnight before we left the station, and then, to my horror, we whirled through Tutherford and never made a stop until we reached the junction 60 miles west. I will not dwell on my sorrow when I realized my predicament. Car 335 had been shifted to the midnight express, and until it could be stopped at Tutherford I was doomed to haunt this uncomfortable seat instead of my own pretty suburban home."

"Years have passed since then, and every night I have got on the same car and sat in this same seat, oftentimes crowded between two men, who could not see me, always doomed to go whirling by the familiar little station without a speck of a chance of getting off. Did you ever travel in the same car seat with two fat women with babies and bundles?"

"No," I replied. "But I can conceive more pleasant positions."

"Yet such has many a time been my fate," continued the late R. G. Jones, in spectral mournfulness. "I have traveled with noisy drummers, with chattering Italians, opium smelling Chinese, with every possible kind of man that it is unpleasant for a sensitive man like I was to sit in the same seat with. Once, in desperation, I made myself visible to the conductor and pleaded with him to stop the train at Tutherford. He refused absolutely, and not only that, he demanded my ticket. I got out my commutation card, seven years out of date, and handed it to him. He asked me if I thought he was a fool and used very violent and personal language. When I told him I could not pay, he declared that he would put me off the train. 'Please leave me off at Tutherford,' I said foolishly. I have regretted those words greatly, for the man saw that nothing would suit me better than to get off the train, and he carried me to the end of the line. Since then I have in vain watched a chance to speak to some one who has a pull on the road. They have been wearisome years to me, and when tonight the longed for opportunity came I seized it. I saw you had a pass."

"My dear Mr. Jones," I said, for I was deeply affected by the story of my companion, who, with his eyes filled with cloudlike tears, was now leaning eagerly toward me, awaiting my reply, "you have my sympathy. I have heard much of ghosts, but you are the first I ever met. Your story is a sad one, and I will do what I can to alleviate your sufferings. I see what you want. You wish to have this car stopped at Tutherford so that you can get off the train like an ordinary phantom and obey your instructions to haunt your own house."

A look of joy and expectancy came over the phantom's face. "You have my word that I will use my influence with my cousin, the president of the New York, Lackahudson and Western, to have this train stopped just once at Tutherford. I will take such steps as soon as I get back to town."

"It is almost daylight, and we are approaching the junction, where I always get off," said the late R. G. Jones. His voice was husky, but a gleam of hope and happiness transfigured his face. "I must leave you now. It is probable that I will never be able to repay your kindness, Mr. Dockboy, but you will have the consciousness of having done a noble deed in freeing a phantom commuter from an awful thrall."

Then he gathered up his phantom bundles and walked down the aisle, but before he reached the door he had passed from my sight. I kept my word to him. Many were the subterfuges I used to have the midnight express stopped at Tutherford, but I succeeded, thanks to my cousin, the president of the road, and the knowledge that the respectable and late R. G. Jones has at last got off that train at his late place of residence after 11 long years of travel has been to me a source of continued satisfaction.—New York Sun.

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At 10 Ex. 3:26 am. A Pac't Ex. 1:52 am. A
Ov Lm't. 4:56 am. A Clint. Ps. 11:59 am. C
Ov Lm't. 6:50 am. A Belle Pl. 4:00 pm. C
Clint. Ps. 7:38 am. C LaDaEx. 7:30 pm. A
Belle Pl. 11:11 am. C Ov Lm't. 8:32 pm. A
DsMn's Ps. 3:54 pm. A
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Passenger. 11:05 a. m. Passenger. 6:45 p. m.
LaSalle Ps. 6:46 p. m. DuQuoy Ps. 3:46 p. m.
Freight. 11:45 a. m. Freight. 11:19 a. m.
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WEATHER REPORT.

	T. A.	F. M.	S. P. M.	Max.	Min.	Prep.
Sun.	56	68	60	70	53	.26
Mon.	52	75	66	78	48	—
Tues.	67	81	73	83	60	—
Wed.	61	71	60	74	59	.09
Thurs.	58	68	59	71	56	—
Fri.	60	75	60	78	55	.08
Sat.	57	66	—	—	55	.25

THE WEATHER.

The following is the weather forecast telegraphed us at 9:35 o'clock a. m. today from the government observatory at Chicago:
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Ladies' and Children's Sun Bonnets, at only 25c and 15c each.



SHOWERS OF THE SEASON

are coming in our line in all varieties of handsome styles in shoes for all sexes and ages. Anyone not being able to get a perfect fitting shoe at Haley & Drew's must have malformation of the feet, and we could even then alter them to suit you.

Haley & Drew,
15 First Street.

—The Vespera Society Annual Contest takes place at the College Chapel this evening; admission 15c. No seats reserved. Gold medals will be awarded the victorious competitors in the following: Essays, Misses Kittie Mathews and Belle; Debate, W. G. Ross and Lawrence DeGraff; Recitations, Miss Floyd Cray and Miss Lou Smith; Orations, E. E. Kent and J. M. Knisley. This is the only event of the kind during the College year; all are invited.

—Miss Bessie Hoisington starts out Monday to canvass subscriptions for a new work, "Famous American Men and Women." It is a complete portrait gallery of celebrated people in all the walks of life. It is filled with full-page half-tone portraits, each accompanied with a brief biography, and is the most complete work of the kind before the public. We trust the young lady will meet with the favoring success in her canvass which her book should bring.

—There will be a Special Meeting of The Dixon Improvement and Public Health Association at the City Council rooms on Monday evening, May 4th, at 8 o'clock sharp for the purpose of perfecting arrangements to complete Professor Cole's course of lectures begun last evening. Every member should be present. C. C. HUNT, President. A. C. Bardwell, Secretary.

Amusement, Business and Local Items

Lookout for one of the jolliest shows of the season next Friday May 8th, at the Dixon Opera House in the Lyceum Vandeville Company. The people are all specialists and have played at the Hopkins and Olympic theatres in Chicago this season. It is replete with novelties in every line, nothing but clear artists. The Davenport, Iowa, papers give them the best notices of any people this season. If you want good jolly fun, you will get it.

The ladies of the Christian Church will serve ice cream and cake also coffee and ham sandwiches Tuesday eve., May 5th, in Union hall. A program will be rendered during the evening. 49t1

The Lyceum Vandeville Co. Friday, The Lyceum Vandeville Co. May The Lyceum Oandeville Co. 8th.

WONDERFUL WEEK'S WORK.
Donald F. Hayden reports the largest sale of Paints, Varnishes and Alabastine in 20 years. 49t1 19t1

TO THE PUBLIC.

There seems to be a general impression among the milk consumers of Dixon that I am not offering crude milk for sale. To correct this impression I wish to state that my wagons carry milk from the best dairies that supply milk to the factory, the quality of which is unsurpassed, and fully guaranteed by me to be equal to any milk ever sold in Dixon. It is put up in pint and quart bottles, or gallon cans as may be desired.

The wagons also carry cream and plain (or sterilized) condensed milk, put up in quantities to suit purchaser. Orders left at the Milk Co's office, or telephone to No. 86, or given to the drivers, will receive prompt and careful attention. 48t1 W. B. PAGE.

The Lyceum Vandeville Co. Friday, The Lyceum Vandeville Co. May The Lyceum Vandeville Co. 8th.

The ladies of the Christian Church will have a sale Tuesday eve. in Union hall. Aprons, sun-bonnets, quilts, and fancy articles. Everybody invited. 49t1

For the next 10 days I will make my Best Cabinet Photographs for \$2.50 per dozen, the same work I have been charging \$3.50. A. Chiverton. Over City National Bank. 47t2

The Lyceum Vandeville Co. Friday The Lyceum Vandeville Co. May The Lyceum Vandeville Co. 8th.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

Two-Bay Mares came to my place of residence, the E. W. Smith farm, 34 miles west of Dixon, about April 10th. Owner may have same by calling and paying costs of keeping and advertising. 47t3* JOSIAH LAMBERT.

Mind this is my Best Cabinets for \$2.50 per dozen and only runs 10 days. A. Chiverton. Over City National Bank. 47t2

I am now ready to furnish pure crystal ice to all my old and new customers. Telephone 138. Leave orders at W. D. Duffins. GEO. A. DELAND. 25t2m

Soft coal that burns as clear as wood is nice, and Pitcher is the only one in Dixon who sells it. It is the Assumption. d&wtf

A. I. Gage is now running bakos to all trains, or any part of the city. Day calls leave at Parker & Sawyer's, telephone 45; night calls at Washington House, Telephone 135. 26t1

First Class job printing done at this office.

Hacks to trains or to any part of the city. Leave orders at L. E. Edwards store, Galena avenue; evenings or Sundays at the Nachusa House; or telephone to stable on third street at any time. Telephone No. 133. 14t1 URIAH STROUP.

Brown, photographer, will hold his annual babies' day on Thursday, my 7th. 42t12

We have a house full of PURE UP RIVER ICE and will make delivery to our customers from the crops of 1895 and 1896. We guarantee careful attention and services of experienced men. Newcomers in Dixon should at once arrange with us for their summer's supply. Telephone, write or call at office. Telephone 101 26t3m DIXON ICE COMPANY.

A Cold Cure For 10c.

Three little tablets, each a separate prescription that together will cure a cold in one night. "Cold Crackers" are for sale at all druggists. Perfectly harmless. Certain to cure.

Arborvitae Trees For Sale!

Having decided to remove my evergreen hedge I will sell in quantities to suit purchaser, from 1 to 100—three foot high.

All Strong Heavy Trees!

C. H. Stackpole.

Telegraph Printing Office.

NEW SAMPLES

Seventy five new patterns of suits and trousers, makes the largest line of suitings ever shown in Dixon.

Custom made Suits for \$12.00.
Custom made Pants for \$3.50.
Duolap and Knox block Hats made to order. Call and look.

CHAS. A. TODD, Agent
Room 18, Brown Block, up stairs.

Do You Want

The Best Bakery Goods
The Best Ice Cream,
The Best Fruit,

THEN CALL AT : : :
C. E. GROVES.
The Baker.
55 First St.

Smith & Crabtree Fire Insurance Agents.

The "Twin Comet" and
"Little Giant"

Lawn Sprinkler!

Best made. Unique, Efficient and Labor Saving. Will sprinkle four times greater area than any others. Highest award at the Chicago Exposition.

E. Stebbins, Mfg. Co.
Sole Manufacturers
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Screen Doors and Windows!

Now is the time to place your order for Door and Window Screens; we carry a large stock of them.

Sash, Doors and Mouldings!

If you are thinking of building or doing any repairing this spring, we would be pleased to give you estimates on your mill work. We carry the largest stock of Sash, Doors and Moulding in the city. We have now in running order a full outfit of machinery for making window frames, wood turning, scroll sawing, stair work and cabinet work, and would be pleased to receive orders for anything in that line.

GLASS A SPECIALTY. We also carry the largest stock of glass in the city. If you are in need of glass do not fail to figure with us before purchasing elsewhere. We buy in car load lots and are in position to give bottom prices. No extra charges for cutting glass.

JOHN A. DEETER,
Old Telegraph Building, RIVER STREET.

FOR RENT.

AN elegant eight room house and modern improvements; fine barn; three acres of land. 47t1 LOVELAND & STITELY.

TWO halls, suitable for societies, 70x12 feet, in McBride Block. Electric light, toilet room. JOHN McBRIDE, 64 East Fifth street. 56t15

ROOM house, corner of Oak and College 5 avenue. Inquire of Ed. Condon. 44t6

FIVE room cottage east of the Plow Shop. Inquire of Pat. Carney. 42t1

HOUSE—Four down stair rooms of my home at 562 Peoria avenue. 40t1 Mrs. JOHN BROWN.

UPPER flat of 6 rooms with water and electric light. Mrs. A. S. MAXWELL, 154 Second street. 37t1

BRICK Building after May 20th, now occupied by the Dixon Star Printing Co., on Galena Ave. Inquire of P. CARNEY. 21t1

FLAT. Possession given May 1st. Enquire of Geo. E. Shields. 72t1

FOR SALE.

BOOKCASE. Apply at 302 Galena avenue. 48t1 RALPH BROWN.

REXCHANGE. 1896 bicycle, been in use three weeks; as good as new. Will sell or exchange for good family horse weighing eleven or twelve hundred pounds. 7t1 C. M. HUGGET.

CUT Flowers, Pansies and all kinds of Bedding Plants, at Bunnell & Barley's Drug Store, W. E. Welchmans grocery, and at the greenhouses, 422 Galena Avenue. 6t12 Wm. PANKHURST.

FOR ten days all my household furniture. Call and get a bargain. Mrs. L. T. MERRIAM, four blocks north of Illinois Central depot, North Crawford avenue. 38t1

CANOPY top phaeton, and harness, cheap. Enquire at 157 Madison avenue. 37t1

SOME choice lots in North Dixon cheap. Three on North Crawford avenue, 75 feet by 150 feet. Two on North Court street, 50 by 150. One on North Dixon avenue, 60 by 150. Also an eight room house and lot on corner of North Crawford avenue and North Court street. HOLLI'S PRESCOTT, Agent. 65t5m

BUGGY, well painted and as good as new. Cheap. F. W. Adams, over T. G. Davies' blacksmith shop on Hennepin avenue. 41t1

WANTED.

SALESMAN in every district; new season; samples free; salary or commission with expenses from start. LUKE BROS. CO., Chicago. 24t20.

FOUR Men, to work at Brick yard. Joseph Hill. 48t1

LADIES—I make big wages doing pleasant home work, and will gladly send full particulars to all sending 2c stamp. Miss E. A. Stebbins, Lawrence, Michigan 47t3*

PUPILS:—Miss Nellie Moyer will be pleased to receive pupils who desire instructions in piano or organ. Will also teach the new method of playing the Autoharp. Call on or address her at her home, 423 Galena Ave. 46t6*

AN Agent in Dixon for our luminous Gold Glass Signs, Door plates and house numbers, can be read in the dark. Something new, and very valuable, profit large. Write or terms on free samples. Thomas & Co., Englewood Ill. 49t52*

A GIRL to do general house work. Call at the Sheriff's residence. 45t4

A GOOD horse to weigh about 1200, for delivery purposes. 45t3 DAVIS & BAIRD.

HOUSES and colts to pasture on Island Park. Plenty good grass and water. 44t1 ROSBROOK & BOYER.

MAN.—Liberal compensation; experienced or not. Stock guaranteed to grow. Brown Bros. Co., Nurserymen, Chicago. 43t24*

MEN to act as local and traveling salesmen. Experience unnecessary. A good chance for energetic men. Write for particulars. The E. G. Chase Company, The Chase Nurseries, Geneva, N. Y. 42t20*

A GOOD girl to do general housework. 39t1 Enquire of Mrs. E. C. PARSONS.

GIRL competent to do general housework. Mrs. THOMAS KAHLER, 270 Galena Ave. 39t1

HOUSE cleaning in general, carpets, rugs, laws tended to. Address L. M. BARTON, 61 West Sixth street. 48t6*

A GOOD Girl to do general housework. 35t1 Mrs. C. M. HUGGET.

GIRL competent to do general house work 34t1 Mrs. A. S. HYDE. East Second street.

GIRL to iron. NACHUSA HOUSE. 33t1

A GIRL to do kitchen work at the ladies' residence, college. Enquire of Mrs. J. C. FLINT. 33t1

MRS. A. L. LLOYD, Dressmaker: Shirt Waists a Specialty at Mrs. KAPERS, 63 Everett St., North Dixon. 35t18

LOST.

MACINTOSH, on Third Street. Finder will receive suitable reward by returning to Geo. Gitt, or leaving at this office. 48t1

A POCKETBOOK, containing money, cards, etc. Finder please leave at Emerson's lumber yard, and receive reward. 48t1

ANNOUNCEMENT.

JAMES F. SANFORD is a candidate for the office of State's Attorney for Lee County, subject to the Republican County Convention.

E. E. WINGET desires to announce to the people of Lee County that he is a candidate for State's Attorney, subject to the action of the Republican County Convention.

I am a candidate for the office of Circuit Clerk and Recorder; subject to the action of the Republican County Convention. ARVENE S. HYDE.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of Circuit Clerk of Lee County, subject to the County Republican Convention. (d&w) IRA W. LEWIS.

FAMOUS, 5c and 10c Store SPRING OPENING!

Note the Prices Quoted Below.

Boys' solid rubber tire Bicycle, \$7.00	Four lines of Ladie's Ganze Vests at less than other merchants pay for them.
Boys' Velocipedes, 1.39	Number 1 line, 3c
Tricycle, 3.39	Number 2 line, worked front, extra value, 13c
Doll Buggies, 23c	Number 3 line, 19c
A novelty aluminum Salt and Pepper Shaker, 10c	Number 4 line, the kind that is always sold at 35c, 23c
Boys' Garden Sets, large size, 3 pieces, 25c	Wire Egg Beater, 3c
Three good things in Books.	Patent Hooks and Eyes, 3c
Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, 85c	Four Hole Mouse Trap, 5c
Panorama of all nations, 98c	Paper Napkins, per 100, 30c
Cloth Bound Novels, two, 25c	Machine Oil, per bottle, 5c
Baby Hoods, a large variety at half value.	A few more of those Linen Window Shades at, 23c
6 foot Step Ladder, 40c	Four left of the English Semi-porcelain Dinner Sets, one hundred pieces, \$7.98
Garden Hoe, 23c	Two good things in Turkish Towels.
Garden Rake, 23c	One at, 10c
Garden Spade, 40c	One at, 15c
A good Feather Duster, 9c	Lace curtains from 50c pair up.
A good Whisk Broom, 9c	Tinware at manufacturers prices.
Carp Beaters, 19c	White enameled easel, 75c
Ladies' Sewing Table, 85c	Complete line of framed pictures.
Center Table, oak or cherry, 98c	Black Hose, seamless foot, good weight, 10c
A few things we handle in Groceries.	Western Washing Machine, \$3.19
Corn Starch, package 1 pound, 4c	Table Oil Cloth per yard, 13c
Gloss Starch, 7c	Spice Cabinet, wood, 69c
Santa Claus Soap, per bar, 3c	Medicine Cabinet, wood, 69c
Extracts, Lemon and Vanilla, 5c	
Gold Dust, 18c	
Tea (get a sample free), 35c	
Arm & Hammer Brand Soda, 6c	
Sweet Chocolate, 5c	

Baby Buggies will still be sold at last week prices.

Do not delay in the purchase of the above goods, as good things do not last long.

FAMOUS, 5 and 10c Store.

15 First Street, Dixon, Ill.

Look for Sign.

PLYMOUTH CLOTHING HOUSE,
No. 12, First Street, Dixon, Ill.

Our Special Sale which began last Saturday is only another convincing proof that the people appreciate Bargains when they learn, as they did learn Saturday, that the Baagans we advertised in the paper were here in our store and on sale just as advertised. That this sale shall be represented by some article bought of The Plymouth by every resident of Dixon, we announce that we shall continue this sale all this week. So those whose time is occupied in the factories can take advantage of buying goods at the Phenomenal Low Prices we quote. Our store will be open from 7 o'clock a. m. and to 11 p. m. Tuesday and Saturday.

Furnishing Department.

Fast color Hose, in either black or tan, regular 15c quality, at, 9c

Mottled Fashioned Seamless Hose, regular 15c quality, at, 9c

4-Ply Linen Collars, regular 20c quality, broken sizes, at, 11c

Silk Overshot Suspenders, regular 25c quality, at, 15c

Men's Goatskin Gloves, retail at 50c, only, 25c

To introduce our Boy's Black Fast Color Double Stockings, sells at 25c, sale price, 16c

Raphael Reversible Linen Collars, all sizes, per box of ten, 21c

Men's White Laundered Shirts, ready to put on, all sizes, 49c

Gentlemen's Fine Balbriggan Underwear, shirt and drawers, regular 50c quality, at, 25c

Laundered Percale Shirts, with collar and cuffs attached, 75c quality, 49c

Men's Unlaundered White Shirts, in this sale 3 for, \$1.00

Men's Percale Shirts, fast colors, at, 25c

Nelson Knitting Co., Rockford, Ills. Genuine No. 601 Socks, Here Only at, 6c per pair

Boys' Sweaters at, 50c and 25c

Men's Sweaters \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c and \$3.00.

Men's Mackintoshes with Cape, actual value \$5.00, at, \$3.50

Bicycle Caps in all colors, at 50c, 35c and, 25c

HATS!

Soft and Stiff, latest styles, Pashas, Fedoras and Derbys, at \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00.

Boys' Knee Pants!

Boys' Knee Pants in great varieties, at 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and, 19c

Men's Clothing Dept.

Men's Suits, wear resisting, all sizes, 35 to 42, at, \$3.50

Men's Suits, that would cause you to stop and think how they can be manufactured to sell at, \$5.00

Men's Suits in all wool fabrics, beautiful colorings, at, \$7.50

The Cracker Jack Line

IN THE CITY!

The line you hear so much about is that wonderful line of

Suits at \$10.00!

This is the line that knocks them all silly. Nothing in the line that would not be considered cheap at \$15.00 and \$16.00, and there is nothing ever attempted by us that gives such general satisfaction as offering our patrons such values as these \$10.00 suits.

Boy's and Children's Clothing!